The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 234. Vol. XXXIX. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. | MARCH, 1911. | Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 257

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS 262

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 263

THE READER—

Arnold Bennett: An Appreciation. By F. G. Bettany ... 265

Mark Twain as Psychologist. By Prof. John Adams 270

A French View of the Brontës. By William E. A. Axon ... 272

A Great American Journalist: A Note on the Centenary of Horace Greeley. By A. St. John Adcock 273

NEW BOOKS—

Goldwin Smith. By T. Seccombe 275

The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century. By T. E. Page ... 277

Christianity in Action. By Dr. James Moffatt 278

The Life of Nietzsche. By Y.Y. 278

A Divine Accident 280

Life's Dining-Table. By Coulson Kernahan 281

Subjective Criticism 282

Seven at Random. By Wilkinson Sherren 283

Professor Blackie 284

Pictures from Egypt 285

The Secret Chrysanthemum. By Francis Bickley 285

A Scott Year. By W. S. Crockett 286

Two Sorts of School 288

Brevities 289

William Howard Russell. By Tighe Hopkins 289

Adventures in Friendship 290

NOVEL NOTES—

The Coil of Carne—The Passionate Elopement—Declined with Thanks — Mac's Adventures — The Lass with the Delicate Air —The Plough and the Cross—Greed—The Fiddler—Splendid Zipporah—The Profitable Imbroglio—Pam the Fiddler—The Game of Life—The Romance of a Woman of Thirty ... 290-3

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Recreations of a Book-Lover—In the Land of the Pharaohs—An Olive-Branch in Ireland and its History--A Century of Ballads 293-5

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 295

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 296

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The April Bookman will combine a Spring Double Number and Thackeray Centenary Number in one. It will contain special articles on Thackeray by Professor Saintsbury, and on the London and London Society of Thackeray's time by Lewis Melville.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Palmer for kindly permitting us to reproduce the portrait of Mr. Arnold Bennett that we give this month as our Presentation Plate.

Fiction may not be stranger than fact, but it is sometimes stronger. If you go to Rochester they will show you the bedroom in which Mr. Pickwick slept, and Mr. Hardy has restored the boundaries of Wessex, though the map-makers no longer show them. In similar fashion, Mr. Arnold Bennett in several of his books has given to the Staffordshire Potteries the collective name of "The Five Towns." It is a title of his own invention, and not the proper name of the district; nevertheless, in other books, and in the district itself, the Potteries are constantly referred to now by that name. In "The New Machiavelli," for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells lays several important scenes in what he calls "The Five Towns," and sometimes calls the town of Burslem by its correct name, and sometimes by Mr. Bennett's adaptation of it—Bursley. It is a tribute to the virility of a novelist's work when his fictions can thus impose themselves upon us, and be tacitly accepted as matters of fact.

"The Old Wives' Tale," which many critics consider is Mr. Arnold Bennett's finest work, is published in the United States by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who now publish in New York as well as in London, and they have just issued it in this country in their library of two-shilling net novels.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's novels have been published by various publishers—his latest, "The Card," by Messrs. Methuen. His miscellaneous books, "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," "The Human Machine," and "Literary Taste and How to Form It," are issued by Mr. Frank Palmer, who also publishes his two plays, "Cupid and Common Sense" and "What the Public Wants."

Mr. Compton Mackenzie, whose first novel, "The Passionate Elopement," published by Mr. Martin Secker, has met with such immediate success, is the son of Mr. Edward Compton, the actor, and his wife, who is best known as Miss Virginia Bateman (sister of "Leah" Bateman). He probably inherits his literary ability from his great-grandmother's family, to which Addington Symonds belonged. "George Paston" (Miss E. M. Symonds) is a distant kinswoman of his; and his uncle, Mr. C. G. Compton, wrote several novels. Mr. Compton Mackenzie is an Oxford man; he was at Magdalen from 1901 to 1904, and acted as business manager of the O.U.D.S. He edited "The Oxford Point of View," to which Desmond Coke, Hugh de Selincourt, and Christopher Stone contributed. In 1906 a comedy of his, "The Gentleman in Grey," was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh; and he wrote most of the "Revue" which Mr. H. G. Pelissier produced at the Alhambra last December. It is interesting to know that "The Passionate Elopement" was declined by seven publishers before it came into the hands of Mr. Secker, and it sold so well that within less than three weeks from the date of its publication it had to be reprinted.

Photo by John Wickens, Bangor.

Professor John Edward Lloyd.

"Soul of the Snows" is the title of a new novel by D. H. Dennis which Mr. John Long will publish shortly. "D. H. Dennis" is the pen name of Mr. Denis Cox, who is a younger son of Mr. Harding Cox, the well-known newspaper proprietor.

Mr. John Edward Lloyd, whose "History of Wales" (Longmans) we are reviewing in the April BOOKMAN, is Registrar and Professor of History at Bangor University. His leisure for the last ten years has been devoted entirely to the preparation of this work. He first took up the subject in 1884, when he won a prize offered at the Liverpool National Eisteddfod for a handbook to the history of Wales, his essay being published in the Eisteddfod Transactions. From 1893 to 1900 he covered the same ground more fully in three simple reading books on Welsh history, written for elementary schools, and during the same period he contributed a large number of Welsh articles to the "Dictionary of National Biography." For many years now he has lectured on the subject in and out of College, and has written articles on it for various Welsh magazines. Mr. Lloyd is to be one of the contributors to the new volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and is at present engaged in writing "Carnarvonshire" for the Cambridge County Geography Series.

Mr. Edward Arnold has just published a new book by Miss M. Loane, who has proved in her previous work that she has exceptional qualifications for saying what should be the right attitude of the public towards the problem of poverty. Her new volume, "The Common Growth," deals with such subjects as dress, hospitality, holidays, working-class widows, and choice of occupation. As a district nurse and superintendent of district nurses, Miss Loane has not only grown closely familiar with the homes of the very poor, but she has won their confidence in an unusual degree, and so has come to a sympathetic understanding of them that enables her to write with authority of their lives, their hopes, and their outlook.

Mr. H. G. Wells has written a long and important article entitled "Cement of Empire" for the first number of *Everybody's Weekly*, a new journal which appears next week under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Hammerton. It is a new departure in periodical literature, combines seriousness with humour, and makes its appeal as a magazine for thinking people, its list of contributors including the best and best-known authors and artists of the day.

Messrs. Dent have published two plays of Shakespeare, "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice," specially arranged for use in reading circles. The books are edited and prefaced by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing immediately a new novel, entitled "Joan of the Tower," by Mr. Warwick Deeping.

We note with particular pleasure the announcement of a new book of poems by that veteran popular novelist, Mr. Clark Russell. Its title is "The Father of the Sea," and it will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Mrs. Barclay has written a new story, which Messrs. Putnam's have in hand for publication this autumn. It is to be illustrated in colour by Mr. F. H. Townsend, the well-known *Punch* artist. The sales of Mrs. Barclay's popular novel, "The Rosary," have now reached the remarkable total of a quarter of a million copies.

Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt is editing and Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing a miscellany in aid of the Duke of Teck's Middlesex Hospital Fund. Among the list of authors contributing to it are the Duke of Argyll, Lord Rosebery, Marie Corelli, Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, F. Anstey, Owen Seaman, R. H. Forster, Mostyn Piggott, Arthur Morrison, Walter Emanuel, and Austin Dobson. The book is to be ready for publication next month.

Mrs. Stanley Wrench,
whose new novel, "The Burden Bearers," Mr. John Long is publishing this spring.

Mrs. H. H. Penrose,
whose successful novel, "Denis Trench" (Alston Rivers), we reviewed last month.

Mr. Lee Warner asks us to mention that he has removed the offices of the Medici Society and his own publishing offices from Albemarle Street to 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.

Four new volumes in Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's "Pilgrim" Series which are to be ready shortly are "William Morris," by the Countess of Warwick; "Dickens," by Clement Shorter; "Ruskin," by James Symon; and "Tennyson," by Benjamin Ambler.

Most of our living English poets have a very limited allowance of fame in their own country and none at all abroad. One of the few who are meeting with a growing appreciation, both at home and on the Continent, is Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. His latest poems, "Daily Bread," were published last year by Mr. Elkin Mathews, and are already in a second edition, and Mr. Gibson and his work have been made the subject of a long critical and biographical article entitled "The Evolution of a Poet," by the well-known Dutch critic, Willem van Doorn, in *De Nieuwe Kroniek*, a literary journal published at The Hague. Discussing Mr. Gibson's early poems, Mr. Van Doorn finds them largely influenced by William Morris and Maeterlinck, and considers it is only in these latest volumes that Mr. Gibson arrives at independence and complete self-expression. "Gibson begins to ask himself," he says, "what he really aims at in writing poetry and what his dead kings and queens can signify to

Photo by Talma & Co., Sydney. **Mr. A. R. Goring-Thomas.**

modern humanity; he realises that literature ought to be the actual mouthpiece of the actual period; perhaps he remembers Wordsworth's theories. His Urlyns and Averlaines could furnish him with only one theme for song—love; but in humble life he found, besides love, another equally potent, impelling power in human strivings and aspirations—to wit, hunger—the necessity of procuring daily bread. . . . The poet's daring now increases by leaps and bounds. In his latest volumes, 'Daily Bread,' it is little enough that remains of Urlyn the Harper. They contain a considerable number of dramatic pieces, emotional moments from the lives of working people. Navvies, miners, stokers, etc., are represented. The jerry-built tenement houses of a manufacturing town have not been avoided. The most unpromising material has been forced to lend itself to poetical treatment. . . . It is a proof of Gibson's powerful gifts as an author that his book, for all that its poetry is painfully realistic, does not depress the reader's mind, but raises and stimulates it." Mr. Van Doorn quotes largely from the poems to illustrate his criticism in the article from which we translate these few passages, and writes with an evident knowledge of English life and English literature that makes his essay as thoroughly interesting as it is authoritative.

Mr. A. R. Goring-Thomas, whose new novel, "The Lass with the Delicate Air," we review on another page, was born in Paris, and spoke French before he could speak English. His family is partly Welsh and partly English, his French connection coming through the Gorings, an English family that attached itself to the Stuarts. Ill-health took him for some years to Australia, and he has travelled and stayed in Canada, South Africa, and the United States. He tried a 'prentice hand at literature during his residence in Australia, and whilst he was in Canada did a great deal of work on the trade relations between England, Canada, and Australia, and always considers that he learned more of the craft of writing in trying to make simple economic truths clear to the merchants and traders with whom he corresponded than he ever did from his classical studies and exercises. It was whilst he was in Canada, too, that he wrote his first book, "Mrs. Gramercy Park," which was published by Mr. John Lane, who also publishes his latest story.

"The Kingdom of Dreams," Mr. J. J. Bell's new novel, will be published next week by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. E. Clement Scott's new novel, "A Queen of All Hearts," will be published shortly by Messrs. Greening. The same firm announce another novel, by Mr. David Whitelaw, "The Expropriators," which has been running serially in the *Morning Leader*.

Photo by T. & R. Annan & Sons, Glasgow.

Mr. Frederick Niven,

whose new novel, "A Wilderness of Monkeys," Mr. Martin Secker is publishing.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier are publishing a volume on "Non-Church-Going: Its Reasons and Remedies." The contributors include Sir Oliver Lodge, the Rev. Prebendary Carlile, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., and the Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury, who between them should shed helpful light on the vexed problem of why so many people do not go to Church nowadays.

"Round the Year with Nature" is the title given to a new country book by W. J. Claxton which Messrs. Routledge are publishing. It will be illustrated in black and white and in colour by Mr. Umphreville Clarke.

Messrs. Nelson are publishing, in twenty-five shilling volumes, a combined and complete Encyclopædia, English Dictionary, and Atlas. The first volume is to be ready on March 15.

We are asked to mention that in Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.'s "Chesterton Calendar" certain passages that have been included from "The Ball and the Cross" are so included by permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner & Co.

Mr. Thomas Catling.
From his reminiscences, "My Life's Pilgrimage" (Murray), which is reviewed on p. 281.

Mr. Archibald Henderson is publishing shortly, in England and the United States, two important biographies. One is of George Bernard Shaw, and the other is an authorised Life of Mark Twain, which will be issued in this country by Messrs. Duckworth. Mr. Henderson knew Mark Twain personally for some years, and intends this Life, or, as he prefers to call it, this interpretation of him, as preliminary to a very elaborate and comprehensive work in which he will utilise everything literary and pictorial ever published about Mark Twain in foreign countries as well as in England and America.

Lord Rosebery addressed a large and influential meeting at the Mansion House last Friday in support of the movement inaugurated by the *Strand Magazine* to raise a fund for the benefit of certain of Dickens's descendants, by the issue of the Memorial Stamps to which reference has already been made in our pages. In the course of one of those gracious and eloquent speeches that we have learned to expect of him, Lord Rosebery strongly approved of the Testimonial scheme. "I like the idea of the Dickens stamp," he said. "There is not a man so poor in this country who cannot buy one penny stamp, and feel he has done something—it may be the utmost of his power, the utmost of his limit—to try to discharge the debt that he owes to the dead man who passed away in his prime before the days of great pecuniary profits for books, and left this immortal heritage to bless his nation and other nations of the same race. . . . The cause I am pleading for is an old debt, long overdue, which constitutes a stain on the English and American race, and which I cannot doubt that in this Centenary year they will be both willing and anxious to discharge." It is gratifying to learn that the suggestion has already been taken up with enthusiasm, and that an enormous number of applications for the stamps have come and are continually coming from English-speaking people all over the world.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Mr. John Murray, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, Mr. Martin Secker, and Messrs. Cassell.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epigrammatic verse in four to eight lines on Thackeray, in view of his approaching Centenary.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to A. M. WILFORD, Kimberley, Hallowell Road, Northwood, Middlesex, for the following:

THE OTHER WIFE. By OLIVIA RAMSEY. (Long.)

"She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling."
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. ii.

We also select for printing:

THE AVERAGE MAN. By A. C. FOX-DAVIES.

"He eats and hath indigestion,
He toils and he may not stop;
His life is a long-drawn question
Between a crop and a crop."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Masque of Plenty*.

(Miss M. R. Davies, 8, Duddingston Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.)

ECHOES OF WHISTLER. By L. ALEXANDER.

"I pipe but as the linnets sing."
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

(S. Hunt, 52, Felday Road, Lewisham.)

THE PRIZE. By SYDNEY C. GRIER. (Blackwood.) 1 and 2.

THE DISCOVERER. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. (Elkin Mathews.) 3, 4 and 5.

"Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum!"
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Jess Pescod, Caxton Villa, Tring Road, Aylesbury, and Miss K. Fisher, 25, Cape Road, Warwick. Amy E. Hare, Elliande, Westgate-on-Sea; Miss A. M. Weir, Ladybridge, Arbroath, N.B., and Jean Davie, 48, Queen's Drive, Glasgow.)

LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER. By F. J. RANDALL. (John Lane.)

"Ay me! what perils do environ,
The man that meddles with cold iron!"
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I., Canto iii. 1, 2.

(Gladys M. Elias, Rosehill, Hindley.)

ELIZA GETTING ON. By BARRY PAIN (Cassell.)

"Oh, Eliza! Dear Eliza.
'Ow d'yer fancy 'Awkins for your other name?"
ALBERT CHEVALIER.

(A. S. Grant, Moselle Gardens, High Road, Tottenham.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Miss CARRIE LEWIS, of 12, Trelawn Road, Brixton, S.W., for the following:

HOW TO CELEBRATE THE DICKENS CENTENARY.

One way in which the Dickens Centenary might be celebrated would be to establish a home for adult cripples. Such a home would be a two-fold blessing to humanity—sufferers would find shelter, food and care, and our market thoroughfares would be rid of unsightly objects of pity. Further, it would do good by helping to end indiscriminate charity. A fund for the purpose could be raised by public subscription. The cause would find ample support from the charitable, and it is one with which the heart of Charles Dickens himself, were he still alive, would be in perfect sympathy.

A good many papers have been received in this competition. There is rather a sameness about the suggestions, and no competitor has hit upon any really new or striking method of celebrating the Centenary; the best of the other attempts submitted being those of G.S. (Barnes), Mrs. Sims (Boxmoor), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Evelyn A. Pearson (Fleet), Mrs. H. M. Creswell Payne (Roche), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), Arthur F. Lunt (Liverpool), Maud Shields (Methwold), Emily Kington (Brighton), Miss Weir (Arbroath), Mrs. G. M. Norman (Bury), Maud Findlay (Horsham), Geo. Stevenson (Ilford), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Elsie C. Danels (Streatham Common), Mary E. Clifford (Sidcup), Miss V. Huish (Hyde Park), Agnes M. Wilford (Northwood), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Alex. W. Westmore (Liscard), T. G. McCabe (Wells), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), and J. Herbert Brown (Hull).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss L. MUGFORD, Sutton at Hone, near Dartford, Kent, for the following:

THE ANDERSONS. By S. MACNAUGHTAN. (John Murray.)

Miss Macnaughtan may be compared to Baroness Arnim—Elizabeth of gardening fame—inasmuch as they both take national idiosyncrasies as subjects for their delightful books. The peculiarities of Scottish life and character are in this volume critically delineated with humorous yet withal tender appreciation. The plot is but slight, yet the skill displayed in depicting the Anderson family and their friends is sufficient to provide a very entertaining novel. One would be sorry to have missed, in particular, the shrewdness of Miss Flora Anderson and the caution of her admirer, Dr. Paterson.

Among the best of the numerous other reviews received are:

MARIE-CLAIRE. By MARGUERITE AUDOUX. (Chapman & Hall.)

The charm of "Marie-Claire" lies chiefly in its ingenuousness. It is a record of the experiences of a simple-minded girl. An uneventful life from the standpoint of a novelist, but one full of events of the deepest meaning to the little sempstress. She has a simple but vivid imagination, and we can see the impressions made upon her by the commonplace events around her; but we have to read the psychology between the lines, for she gives us no subtle analysis of her feelings. It is a book worthy of careful study as a very human document.

(Frederic Ferraboschi, 21, Lawrie Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.)

THE PASSIONATE ELOPMENT. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker.)

As a young author's first novel "The Passionate Elopement" is remarkable. The mise-en-scène, an inland spa in the eighteenth century, is presented to the reader in a series of charming, graceful, and vivid pictures, full of elaborate, but never tedious, detail. For the interest of the detail, indeed, it is a book to read several times. Little Phyllida is a lovable heroine. In real life villains rarely reform, but that the young adventurer who lures Phyllida into an elopement should be brought to shame, repentance, and true love of her by the power of her pure passion is not inconceivable.

(Kate Lee, 29, Butler Avenue, Harrow.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Dorothea M. Ford (Gloucester), Rev. Chas. H. Hodgson (Wells), M. G. Lewis (Wellingborough), Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), Barbara K. Webber (Plymouth), Mrs. Alice M. Sykes (Huddersfield), J. P. Thomson (St. Andrews), Miss van der Pant (Folkestone), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss E. O. Browne (Worcester), Mrs. Creswell Payne (Roche), Sidney E. Bell (Wandsworth Common), William Morris (Sheffield), Jess Pescod (Aylesbury), Miss I. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Gwendoline C. Perks; M. McDermott (Abingdon), Mrs. Wilfrid Thomson (York), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Mrs. J. G. Bussell (Oxford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Millicent Hocken (Finsbury Park), E. Clacy (West Kirby), Mrs. Phelps (Dublin), H. Allen (Hull), Harry Naden (Heaton Moor), Mrs. C. Ryan (Belfast), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), B. Moore (Catford), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin), J. B. Foulkes (Worcester), Beatrix Terry (Brixton), Irene Harrison (Bristol), and C. V. Hancock (Worcester).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to E. M. MACGREGOR, 2, Chetwynd Road, Oxton, Cheshire.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

March 1 to April 1, 1911.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

COX, J. CHARLES, LL.D., F.S.A. (Editor).—Memorials of Old Surrey. 15s. net.
EVELYN-WHITE, REV. C. H.—Churches of Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely. 2s. 6d. net.
GOOLD, MARSHALL N.—Spindrift and Sand-drift. 5s.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

CHILDERS, ERSKINE.—German Influence on British Cavalry. 3s. 6d.
FISHER, JOSEPH R.—The End of the Irish Parliament. 10s. 6d. net.
MAXWELL, RT. HON. SIR HERBERT.—A Century of Empire. Vol. III. Conclusion. 14s. net.
PATERSON, ALEXANDER.—Across the Bridges. 6s.
TUCKER, RT. REV. A. R. (Bishop of Uganda).—Eighteen Years in Uganda. Cheap Edition. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

COLLINS, WILKIE.—The Guilty River. 6d.
COUCH, SIR A. T. QUILLER.—Brother Copas. 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BARDSWELL, MRS. FRANCES A.—The Herb Garden. With 16 full-page Illustrations in Colour by the Hon. Florence Amhurst and Miss Isabelle Forrest. 7s. 6d. net.
HALL, REV. CHARLES A.—The Open Book of Nature: A Book of Nature-Study for Young People. With 16 full-page Illustrations in Colour and over 100 Reproductions from Photographs, as well as numerous Illustrations in the text. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

CURTIS, HARPER.—The Lord Dollar (Don Dinero). 6s.
HEATH, CHRISTOPHER.—Peter's Progress. 6s.
McIVER, IVER.—Caught on the Wing (Poems). 3s. 6d. net.
"ORE-LUK-OIE."—The Green Curve. 1s. net.
RONALDSHAY, EARL OF, M.P.—An Eastern Miscellany. 10s. 6d. net.
WEIGALL, ARTHUR E P. The Treasury of Ancient Egypt: Chapters on Ancient Egyptian History and Archæology. Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
WHISPER, A.—The Sinister Note. 6s.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

AYRTON, late PROF., and THOMAS MATHER, F.R.S., M.I.E.E.—Practical Electricity. 9s. net.
BELL, J. J.—A Kingdom of Dreams. 6s.
BULL, A. E.—Sound Business. 6s. net.
CRASTER, J. E.—How to Grow Rich. 6d. net.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—Joan of the Tower. 6s.
DICKENS, MISS.—Life of Charles Dickens. 2s. 6d.
FORBES, ETHEL M.—A Daughter of the Democracy. 6s.
JONES, BERNARD.—Hardening and Tempering Steel. 2s.
KEARTON, RICHARD.—With Nature and a Camera. 5s.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Captain Black. 6s.
WARD, J. J.—Life Histories of Familiar Plants. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

ARCHER, WILLIAM.—The Life and Death of Ferrer. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
DICKENS, CHARLES—Dombey and Son, 2 Vols. Great Expectations. (Centenary Edition.) 3s. 6d. per volume.
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—Rachel: Her Stage Life and her Real Life. Fully Illustrated. 15s. net.
HARRIS-BURLAND, J. B.—The Shadow of Malveward. 6s.
HUEFFER, FORD MADOX.—Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections: Being the Memories of a Young Man. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
MENDL, GLADYS.—The Straight Road. 6s.
PRELOOKER, JAAKOFF.—Russian Flashlights. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

CROKER, B. M.—The Real Lady Hilda. Cheap Edition. 6d.
JEFFERIES, RICHARD.—The Pageant of Summer. 1s. net.
KYLIE, EDWARD (Editor).—The English Letters of St. Boniface. 1s. 6d. net.
PENNY, F. E.—Caste and Creed. Cheap Edition. 6d.
SMYTHE, BARBARA, (Translator and Editor).—Trobador Poets: Selections from 8 Trobadors. (New Medieval Library.) 5s. net and 7s 6d. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—Tales and Fantasies. 2s. net and 3s. net.
STUART, H. LONGAN.—Fenella. 6s.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

EMMET, REV. CYRIL W., M.A.—The Eschatological Question in the Gospels, and other Studies in Recent New Testament Criticism.
MOFFATT, REV. JAMES, D.D.—An Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament.
ROBINSON, PROF. H. WHEELER, M.A.—The Christian Doctrine of Man.
SCOTT, PROF. ERNEST F., D.D.—The Kingdom and the Messiah. 6s. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

ALLCROFT, A. H., M.A., and A. J. F. COLLINS, M.A.—Higher Latin Composition.
BRAY, S. E., M.A.—School Organisation. Second Edition. 2s. 6d.
CARTER, M. E.—Outlines of British History to 1910.
GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare: Much Ado About Nothing. 2s.
WEEKLY, E., M.A.—Groundwork of French Composition. 2s.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

CHESTERTON, G. K.—Criticisms and Appreciations of the Novels of Charles Dickens. 7s. 6d. net.
DOUGLAS, NORMAN.—Siren-Land. 4s. 6d. net.
GARDNER, MONICA.—Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland. 7s. 6d. net.
MASEFIELD, JOHN.—The Street of To-day. 6s.
SMITH, F. E., M.P.—International Law. 7s. 6d. net.
WARNER, P. F.—Cricket. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

ASH, ASHMORE C.—Ambition. 6s.
CHESTER, GEORGE RANDOLPH.—The Cash Intrigue. 6s.
CHAN TOON, MRS.—Love Letters of an English Peeress to an Indian Prince. 6d.
FLETCHER, J. S.—The Secret Way. 6d.
HARCOURT, F. VERNON.—From Stage to Cross. Third Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
LEE, EDMUND.—Nature's Lady. 6s.
SMITH, ISABEL.—Mated. 6s.
SPENS, ARCHIBALD E.—Bobbie's Ward. 6s.
SWANSON, S. WARD.—Lady Enid. 6s.

Messrs. Harper & Bros.

HARE, CHRISTOPHER.—Isabella of Milan. With Photogravure Frontispiece and many Illustrations. 10s. 6d.
ORCUTT, W. D.—The Lever. With Frontispiece. 6s.
PATTERSON, MARJORIE.—Fortunata. 6s.
PENDERED, MARY L.—The Secret of the Dragon: a Romance. 6s.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN.—The Patrician. 6s.
HOURTICQ, LOUIS.—Art in France. 6s. net.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The Old Wives' Tale. 2s. net.
CHARCOT, DR. JEAN.—The Voyage of the *Why-Not?* in the Antarctic. 20s. net.
COPPING, A. E.—The Golden Land (Canada). With 24 Plates in Colour by Harold Copping. 6s.
CROCKETT, S. R.—Love in Pernicketty Town. 6s.
FOGAZZARO, ANTONIO.—Leila. A Companion Volume to "The Saint." 6s.
GARVICE, CHARLES.—The Woman In It. 6s.
MARCHMONT, A. W.—Elfa: a Romance. 6s.
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.—The Sunny Land. Impressions of Australia. 6s.
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Falling Star. 6s.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

HENDERSON, ARCHIBALD, M.A., Ph.D.—George Bernard Shaw. 2 Photogravures and 29 other Illustrations. 21s. net.
MILLER, CAPT. E. D.—Modern Polo. New revised Edition. 16s. net.
PAGE, GERTRUDE.—Winding Paths. 6s.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—The Dawn of All. 6s.
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—A Winnowing. New Edition. 1s.
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—The Necromancers. New Edition. 1s.
BURGIN, G. B.—The Vision of Balmaine. 6s.
CARTER, A. C. R.—The Year's Art. 5s.
CHANNON, E. M.—The Real Mrs. Holyer. 6s.
COLLINS, A. L.—Land's End. 6s.
COLLINS, A. L.—Afoot in England. 6s.
CONYERS, DOROTHEA.—Some Happenings of Glendalyne. 6s.
DIVER, MAUD.—Litamani. 6s.
EARLAND, ADA.—Ruskin and His Circle. New Edition. 1s.
FRASER, MRS. HUGH.—A Diplomatist Wife in Japan. New Edition. 1s.
FRASER, MRS. HUGH.—A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. 24s.
GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE.—In the Strange South Seas. 1s.
HAMILTON, ANGUS.—Somaliland. 12s. 6d.
KASSNER, THEO, F.R.G.S.—From Rhodesia to Egypt. 12s. 6d.
MALET, LUCAS.—Adrian Savage. 6s.
MASKELL, HENRY P.—Photography. 5s.
MAXWELL, W. B.—Mrs. Thompson. 6s.
ORCZY, BARONESS.—Floods of the Sea: A Tale without a Mystery. 6s.

ORCZY, BARONESS.—Petticoat Government. New Edition. 1s.
RAINE, ALLEN.—Torn Sails. New Edition. 1s.
RITA.—Half a Truth. 6s.
ROSS, JOHN DILL.—Sixty Years' Travel and Adventure in the Far East. 24s.
SABATINI, RAFAEL.—The Trampling of the Lilies. 1s.
TAYLOR, I. A.—Madame Roland. 12s. 6d.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Princess of Intrigue (Madame de Longueville and her Times). 1s.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—Five Fair Sisters. New Edition. 1s.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

KIRKMAN, F. B., B.A. (Oxon.)—British Bird Book, Section IV. 10s. 6d. net.
MACFALL, C. HALDANE.—The Renaissance in Venice. 7s. 6d. net.
WATSON, WILLIAM, V.M.H., A.L.S.—Rhododendrons. 1s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

ANDOM, ROBERT.—Troddles' Farm. 3s. 6d.
ANDOM, ROBERT.—Troddles and Us. 1s. net.
BARTON, FRANK TOWNEND, M.R.C.V.S.—Horses and Practical Horse-Keeping. With 60 Illustrations. About 7s. 6d. net.
COKE, D. F.—The Dog from Clarkson's. 6d.
HUME, FERGUS.—Captain Flick. 1s. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

BAILEY, LIBERTY H.—The Training of a Farmer. 3s. 6d. net.
COLLES, RAMSAY, LL.D.—In Castle and Court House, being Reminiscences of Thirty Years in Ireland. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
CRAVEN, PRISCILLA.—The School of Love. 6s.
GALLICHAN, WALTER M.—Modern Woman and how to Manage Her. 1s. net.
RICHARDSON, MRS. AUBREY.—The Mystic Bride: A Study of the Life of Catherine of Sienna. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Andrew Melrose.

GREEN, F. E.—A Few Acres and a Cottage. 3s. 6d. net.
GRIST, REV. F. W.—The Christ of History in the Faith of To-day. 7s. 6d. net.
HAYDON, A. L.—The Trooper Police of Australia. 10s. 6d. net.
THOMSON, J. ARTHUR, M.A.—The Biology of the Seasons. 10s. 6d. net.
THOMSON, MUNGO.—Mark Ransome. 6s.
VYNNE, NORAH.—A Priest's Marriage. 2s. net.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

ANNESLEY, MAUDE.—Shadow-Shapes. 6s.
ASMAN, H. N.—English Literature Selections. Vol. II. 2s.
BAIN, F. W.—The Ashes of a God. 3s. 6d. net. 5s. net.
BARING-GOULD, REV. S.—Chris of All Sorts. New Edition. 6d.
BARNETT, A. J.—Catalina Jugurtha. 1s.
BENNETT, W. H.—A Biblical Introduction. New Edition. 2 Vols. 3s. 6d. net.
CASTLETON, ROBERT.—Adventures of an Actor. 6s.
CLARK, IMOGEN.—A Charming Humbug. 6s.
CLOUSTON, T. S.—Unsoundness of Mind. 7s. 6d. net.
COLLES, W. M.—Success in Literature. 5s. net.
COOLIDGE, SUSAN.—The Day's Message. 2s. 6d. net.
CRUTTWELL, MAUD.—Donatello. 15s. net.
CUSACK, JAMES.—Double Entry Book-keeping. 2 Parts. 3s. 6d. each.
DUMAS, ALEX.—Port St. Antoine. (Part I. of "Forty-five Guardsmen.") 6d.
DUNCAN, F. MARTIN.—Our Insect Friends and Foes. 6s.
FISHER, H. A. L.—The Republican Tradition in Europe. 6s. net.
FITZSTEPHEN, GERALD.—Griffith Colgrove's Wife. 6s.
HALE, JOHN RICHARD.—Famous Sea Fights. 6s. net.
HEATH, FRANK R.—Wiltshire. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.
HICHENS, ROBERT.—The Dweller on the Threshold. 6s.
HILDITCH, T. P.—A Concise History of Chemistry. 2s. 6d.
HODGETTS, E. A. BRAYLEY.—The House of Hohenzollern. 15s. net.
LANGBRIDGE, FREDERICK.—Ballads of the Brave. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.—The Eldest Son. 6s.
MAUD, MRS. D.—The Expiation of John Court. 6s.
MÉRIMÉE, PROSPER.—Bernard de Mergy. 2s.
MILES, MRS. EUSTACE.—The Ideal Home and Its Problems. 3s. 6d. net.
MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA.—Riches and Poverty. New Edition. 5s. net.
PATMORE, MRS. K. A.—The Seven Edwards of England. 10s. 6d. net.
SEALY, LUCY.—Champions of the Crown. 7s. 6d. net.
SWAYNE, MARTIN L.—Lord Richard in the Pantry. 6s.
UNDERHILL, EVELYN.—Mysticism. 15s. net.
WADMORE, J. M.—Elementary Chemical Theory. 3s. 6d.
WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A. M.—The Princess Virginia. 2s. net.
WILLETT, MRS. CLARA.—Her Boy's Home. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Murray.

BOTTOME, PHYLLIS, and HOPE DE LISLE BROCK.—Crooked Answers. 6s.
CANTERBURY, ARCHBISHOP OF.—Captains and Comrades in the Faith: Sermons preached on special occasions. 6s. net.
CHAMBERLAIN, BASIL HALL.—Japanese Poetry.
DOUGLAS, R. LANGTON (Edited by).—Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting. Vol. IV. 21s. net.
FRERE, REV. W. H., D.D.—Some Principles of Liturgical Reform. A Contribution towards the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer.
HOARE, H. W. HAMILTON.—Our English Bible: The Story of its Origin and Growth. Murray's Shilling Library.
JUDD, PROF. J. W.—Lyell's Students' Elements of Geology. 600 Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net.
KANE, LIEUT.-COL. F.—Repton. 6s.
LIDDELL, A. G. C., C.B.—Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal. 10s. 6d. net.
LUSHINGTON, REV. F. DE W.—Sermons to Young Boys. 3s. net.
RICHARDS, JOHN MORGAN (her father).—Life of John Oliver Hobbes. With an Introduction by Bishop Welldon.
ROBERTS, EARL.—Facts and Fallacies. A Reply to Mr. Haldane's "Compulsory Service." 2s. 6d. net.
WRIGHT, HENDERSON R. W.—The Recluse of Rill. 6s.

Messrs. Mills & Boon.

HORACE-SMITH, DOROTHY V.—Isabel. 6s.
JEPSON, EDGAR.—Captain Sentimental. 6s.
NETHERSOLE, S. C.—Mary up at Gaffries. 1s. net.
NEWTE, HORACE W. C.—The Socialist Countess. 6s.
REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE.—The Queen's Hand. 6s.
RUSHDEN, PATRICK.—The Sea Lion. 6s.

Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons.

BRADDON, MISS.—Vixen. 7d. net.
MILNE, JAMES.—The Romance of a Proconsul. 1s. net.
NICHOLSON, MEREDITH.—House of a Thousand Candles. 7d. net.
READE, CHARLES.—Peg Woffington. 6d. net.
RUSSELL, G. W. E.—A Pocketful of Sixpences. 1s. net.
SILBERRAD, UNA L.—Sampson Rideout, Quaker. 2s. net.
The 1911 Nelson Encyclopædia. In 25 Fortnightly Vols. First Vol. ready March 15. 1s. net. per vol.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

LODGE, SIR OLIVER, J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., REV. PROF. STALKER, D.D. and others.—Non-Church-Going: Its Reasons and Remedies. Edited by W. Forbes Gray. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Ouseley.

ALLAN, REV. A. D. H.—The Naiad. 2s. 6d. net.
BLUNDELL, ALICE.—Idealism, Possible and Impossible. 2s. 6d. net.
BOLDREWOOD, ROSE.—The Complications at Collaroi. 6s.
CUMMINGS, G. E.—Sir Clifton Robinson. 10s. 6d. net.
ELLIS, REV. P. A.—Modern Views of the Bible. 2s. net.
GRAHAM, MRS. GRAY.—An Odd Situation. 6s.
JOHNSTONE, G. M.—The Off-Wheeler. 2s. 6d. net.
OUSELEY, MULVY.—The Jewess. 6s.
PROWER, NELSON.—Freddy Barton's School-days. 2s. net.
ROGERS, REGINALD.—Wild Flowers. 2s. 6d. net.
WINTLE, HAROLD.—The Great Betrayal. 6s.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

ADAIR, CECIL.—Cantacute Towers. 6s.
ADCOCK, A. ST. JOHN.—A Man with a Past. 6s.
DIEHL, ALICE M.—A Mysterious Lover. 6s.
EVERETT-GREEN, E.—The Lady of the Bungalow. 6s.
PEARCE, CHARLES E.—The Amazing Duchess. 2 Vols. 24s. net.
SENIOR, DOROTHY.—The Gay King. 12s. 6d. net.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Evolution of Katherine. 6d.
WYLLARDE, DOLF.—Tropical Tales. 2s. net.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.

BOULGER, D. C.—Belgium of the Belgians. 6s. net.
GARNETT, LUCY M.—Turkey of the Ottomans. 6s. net.
HOOD, C.—Iron and Steel. 1s. 6d. net.
PERKINS, J.—The Coronation Book. 7s. 6d. net.
REYNOLDS, ARTHUR.—The Churchman's Guide. 3s. 6d. net.
TROTTER, J. J.—Royal High School, Edinburgh. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EMMET, THOMAS ADDIS.—Incidents of My Social Life.
FERRERS, GINA LOMBROSO.—Criminal Man According to Lombroso.
PUTNAM, RUTH.—William the Silent. 5s.
MORET, A.—In the Time of the Pharaohs.
RAYMOND, PROF. G. L.—The Orator's Manual.
RAYMOND, PROF. G. L.—The Writer.
SERVISS, GARRETT P.—Astronomy in a Nutshell.
WINANS, WALTER.—Art of Revolver Shooting. 21s. net.

Messrs. Rebman, Ltd.

BALDWIN, PROF. MARK.—The Individual and Society. 4s. 6d. net.
DARIER, DR. A.—Ophthalmic Therapeutics. Translated by Sydney Stephenson, F.R.C.S.
EHRLICH, DR. PAUL, and DR. S. HATA.—The Experimental Chemicotherapy of the Sperilli. 12s. net.
GOURAUD, DR. F. F.—What Shall I Eat? 6s.
LEDUC, PROF. STEPHANE.—The Mechanism of Life. Translated by Dr. W. Deane Butcher, formerly President of Rontgen Society.
MORTON, DR. W. C.—The Abdomen Proper. £2 2s. net.
SCOTT, KENNETH, M.D., F.R.C.S.—Refraction and Visual Acuity.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM.—The History of a Bedfordshire Family. With Gravure Frontispiece. 7s. 6d. net.
CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—The Harlequin Set. 2s. 6d. net.
CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—Perpetua: or, The Way to Treat a Woman. 6s.
DEWAR, GEO. A. B.—The Leaning Spire. (Essays.) 2s. 6d. net.
LANG, MRS. L. LOCKHART.—Knight Checks Queen. 6s.
TREVENA, JOHN.—The Reign of the Saints. 6s.

The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

BITHELL, J., M.A.—Contemporary Belgian Poetry. 1s.
COLVILLE, MRS. ARTHUR and COLONEL.—One Thousand Miles in a Machilla. 10s. net.
DASTRE, A.—Life and Death: Being Travel and Search for Big Game in Rhodesia and Nyasaland. 5s.
MARTENS, MARY E.—A Woman of Small Account. 6s.
ROSS, D. M.—Hearts of the Pure. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Sherratt & Hughes.

BROXAP, HENRY, M.A.—Thomas Deacon. A Biography. 7s. 6d. net.
HARTLEY, HAROLD, M.Sc.—Some Electrical Power Data. 1s. 6d. net.
LAPAGE, C. P., M.D., M.R.C.P.—Feeblemindedness in Children of School Age. 12 Plates. 5s. net.
NIGHTINGALE, B., M.A.—The Ejected of 1662 in Cumberland and Westmoreland. 2 Vols. 28s. net.

Mr. A. H. Stockwell.

BINNIE, JANE S.—Ye Olde Crow. (Poems.) 1s. net.
HEWLETT, ETHELDRED.—Janie and Martin. For the Children. 1s. 6d. net.
NOAKES, REV. CHARLES.—Confidential Talks with Men. 1s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

CUSTANCE, CAPT. A. F.—The Evolution of Infantry Tactics. Illustrated.
DALBIAC, COL. P. H.—The American War of 1863: Chancellorsville and Gettysburg Campaigns. With Maps and Plans. 5s. net.
RENAULT, E.—Le Mariage de Figaro. (Dublin Series of French Texts.)
WYLLY, COL. H. C.—Sherwood Foresters Regimental Annual, 1911. Illustrated. Paper, 1s. net; cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

BARR, AMELIA E.—A Reconstructed Marriage. 6s.
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—Uncanny Tales. 6s.
DUNN, ELIZA.—Rags in their Native Land. 10s. net.
LARDEN, WALTER.—Argentine Plains and Andine Glaciers. 14s. net.
RENWICK, GEORGE.—Finland To-day. 10s. 6d. net.
RUNCIMAN, SIR WALTER.—The Tragedy of St. Helena. 10s. 6d. net.
SERVICE, ROBERT W.—The Trail of '98. 6s.
"TRUTH'S" INVESTIGATOR.—The Great Oil Octopus. 5s. net.
WARNER, ANNE.—Leslie's Lovers. 6s.

Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

FORMAN, JUSTUS MILES.—The Unknown Lady. 6s.
GALLON, TOM.—Dead Man's Love. 6s.
HILL, HEADON.—A Rogue in Ambush. 6s.
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—Mother and Son. 6s.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Lodestar. 6d.
PRATT, AMBROSE.—The Big Five. 6s.
TRACY, LOUIS.—The Silent Barrier. 1s. net.
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—When the Devil Drives. 6d.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate.

BOUSSET, WILHELM.—Jesus. Translated by Janet Penrose Trevelyan. Second Impression. 3s. 6d. net.
JEREMIAS, PROF. ALFRED.—The Old Testament in the Light of the Ancient East. Profusely Illustrated. Translation edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Canon C. H. W. Johns. 2 Vols. 25s. net.
JORDAN, PROF. DAVID STARR.—The Stability of Truth. 3s. 6d. net.
OSTWALD, PROF. WILHELM.—Natural Philosophy. 4s. net.
PETIT, ROBERT.—How to Build an Areoplane. Translated by T. O. B. Hubbard and J. H. Ledeboer. Nearly 100 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net.

THE READER.

ARNOLD BENNETT: AN APPRECIATION.

By F. G. Bettany.

OPPOSITE the title-page of Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest tale will be found printed a list of its author's various works. It runs to an imposing length, and evidences a career of uncommon industry. Mr. Bennett is still only forty-three years of age, and had turned thirty before he published his first book. Yet he has already to his name a dozen novels, seven fantasies, so called, two sets of short stories, eight volumes labelled "belles lettres," and a couple of stage-plays, besides a collection of "polite farces." If to these we add two romances, as they are described, in the composition of which Mr. Eden Phillpotts assisted, Mr. Bennett's output amounts altogether to some thirty-four volumes. The impression of strenuous labour such statistics produce on the mind is intensified when we remember that all through his years of authorship the novelist of the Five Towns has been actively employed in journalism, performing for five years the duties of a dramatic critic, and writing even now a weekly literary causerie, and also when we reflect that the more ambitious examples of Mr. Bennett's art happen to be among the longest of modern novels. In the appreciation of this indefatigable craftsman which follows I shall not attempt to cover all the books to which he has put his signature, but shall content myself with selecting for mention representative specimens of his work in its different modes. If any justification were needed for this policy, it is supplied by the fact that not a few of Mr. Bennett's writings may be classed as journalistic writings. Some of his essays, for instance, offer information or criticism on matters of but momentary significance. Again, there are stories of his—sensational stories—which were obviously produced more to please the public than the novelist himself; I think we may rightly call that sort of fiction journalistic. It is good journalism, of course, for Mr. Bennett is never less than thorough in anything he attacks; but it may be left out of account in any consideration of him as a serious artist. His claim to be in the front rank of our younger novelists depends on a relatively small group of books in which, with a minuteness of detail that is curiously insistent, with a realism that is as meticulous as it is convincing, he has reconstructed for us the town life and types of the Potteries under the Victorian era. "Anna of the Five Towns," "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger"—these and one or two others are the foundations on which his fame rests, solid and secure.

It is characteristic of Mr. Bennett's self-confidence that he should have set himself deliberately to explain in a book "How to Become an Author"[1] (very sound and serviceable advice he gives), and it is no less characteristic of him that he should urge the novice to accommodate himself to, and compromise with, his readers. Certainly, if he was to square theory with his own practice, Mr. Bennett was bound to enter his protest against artistic intransigence. For, like Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Wells at times, he has not scrupled to keep the pot boiling by such compromises, and yet has been able, like his comrades, to remain true to his ideals. His complacency, to be sure, did not lack cunning. If he granted concessions to his patrons in early days, it was only to impose on them his own notions later on. Not all authors can afford to take such a risk. There are men who must write in their own way, and cannot make any sacrifice to popular taste if they are to retain their consciences. There are others who adopt the course of providing the public with "what the public wants," only to discover eventually that their capacity for achieving any nobler aim

Arnold Bennett.
From a photograph taken about 1906

[1] "How to Become an Author." By Arnold Bennett. (Pearson.)

has somehow disappeared. There lies the danger of being too indulgent to the moods of the "great beast"; doing the second best may impair a faculty for doing the best—the material may react on the artist. Mr. Bennett in his time has written plenty of "popular" fiction, but he could always switch off his Muse, at will, to the service of serious art. His first book struck the note of high endeavour. It may well have contained, I should think, some autobiographical material. Though it was called "The Man from the North,"[1] it was pretty plainly about a man from the Midlands, and described affectingly the loneliness of a provincial, friendless amid the millions of London. But the next novel was frankly sensational. In "The Grand Babylon Hotel"[2] Mr. Bennett beat the mystery-mongers on their own ground. And yet just about the same time he must have been at work on the first of his splendidly vital studies of the Five Towns.[3] How has he contrived to keep the two sides of his fiction so long in tandem? Partly, I conceive, through his exceptional will-power. The most methodic of writers, he has trained himself, when at his desk, to act like a machine. Partly through his never permitting himself the least relaxation of style. You will not light upon a single slovenly phrase in "The Grand Babylon Hotel"; its language is as carefully wrought as that of "Clayhanger." Moreover, Mr. Bennett has the knack in his sensational novels of getting hold of spacious ideas. Thus, *à propos* of the Babylon, he makes his readers realise the huge population housed in a fashionable West End hotel; he shows them the finesse needed to manage such a concern; he forces them to apprehend imaginatively how isolated is the individual guest in such a place. So in "Buried Alive" it is no ordinary man who, according to him, lets himself be supposed to be dead, but a world-renowned painter, whose imposture sets all sorts of incalculable events in motion. Even on this class of fiction Mr. Bennett leaves his special mark.

Arnold Bennett.

But there is a world of difference between the stories of the Five Towns and the other Arnold Bennett novels. It is just the same sort of difference as divides Trollope's Barset Chronicles from his other books, only that it is more considerable. Indeed, we might trace rather marked resemblances between Anthony Trollope and the author of "Clayhanger" in certain respects, notably in their methods of work, the regularity of their writing habits, their readiness to turn out thousands of words in a day. Trollope, however, did nearly equal his Barchester stories in later works; Mr. Bennett is not the same man away from the Potteries. They give quality to his novels—depth and certainty of effect, roundness of characterisation, colour and vivacity, along with a hardly definable intimacy of touch. I have heard that a wit once remarked that he believed Paris was one of Mr. Bennett's Five Towns, and I acknowledge that the Paris chapters in "The Old Wives' Tale" are picturesquely done—the execution scene and the descriptions of the siege in particular. But I must own, for myself, that in reading the book I was glad to be taken back to Staffordshire, and felt as if Mr. Bennett gained renewed strength, like Antæus, as soon as he touched his mother earth. How much the novelist owes to the county of his birth I doubt if even he fully grasps. Happy are those authors whose lot it has been to be born in the maligned provinces! There, at any rate in the Victorian days, changes came but slowly, old customs and old faiths survived, eccentrics and "characters" abounded, the patriarchal rule and domestic discipline still existed, dialect was spoken, local pride and local conservatism were rampant, old institutions, many of them abominable, such as the industrial slavery of children, had not been abolished. The superficial distinctions between men and men were scored more deeply then than now, there was less uniformity, we fondly believe at least, in type, and with more squalor and harshness were perhaps more sturdy virtues. The novelist who was brought up in such a corner of England, and could either watch or learn from others about the narrow life of his own or his father's times, had an enviable opportunity. For it is the things unconsciously seen and heard in childhood which leave the most lasting impressions on a sensitive mind. Mr. Arnold Bennett's mind must have been sensitive, and his memory retentive, with the result that he can call up for us pictures of the daily life of the Potteries in his youth and in his parents' time which give the idea of being extraordinarily vivid and actual. With no

[1] "The Man from the North." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (John Lane.)

[2] "The Grand Babylon Hotel." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

[3] "Anna of the Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Copyright, Frank Palmer. **Arnold Bennett.**

A recent portrait.

other material is he ever likely to produce the same effects, for here he is drawing on records not deliberately collected with an eye to "copy," but carelessly accumulated in the most receptive period of existence. Mr. Bennett is indebted to Staffordshire for more than the subject-matter of his novels; from its stock he derives the tenacity and self-reliance and sanity of outlook which are revealed in his writings, as well as a rather odd vein of humour. But for his readers the main recommendation of his Midland origins is that he is able thereby to afford them a fresh view of life and human nature, to exhibit these in an unfamiliar setting, and, by a magic of his own, to make what to the average observer would have seemed commonplace and drab profoundly interesting and full of variety.

To analyse Mr. Bennett's technique is by no means easy. It is a matter of the multiplication of detail, and seems to betray the influence of Russian models. With stroke added to stroke the author proceeds till he has brought up before our eyes, first his leading figure or figures, next the family and shop or factory, then the street and neighbourhood and local society. But all the time you are looking at the microcosm thus gradually developed through the medium of one or more temperaments. Mr. Bennett will not be hurried over his detail. He insists on displaying every stage of the process that leads to a resolve or a clash of wills. His characters are sometimes a piteously long time dying—old Clayhanger, for example. In such a case as this the novelist is prepared to trace the development of physical or mental decay with an emphasis on pathological symptoms that causes the reader, no less than the invalid's son, Edwin, many a shudder. It would be absurd to style Mr. Bennett's method photographic, yet it deals with innumerable small things. I am not sure that half its success does not depend on the author's leaving nothing out. He is singularly precise and microscopic in his observation. He cannot take you for a chance call into a jeweller's shop, which you will never see again, without giving you an inventory of what is contained in the counter and glass cases. That is an extreme instance, but is tell-tale. In his account of how it is possible to become an author, Mr. Bennett is strong in his denunciation of the episode, yet in "Clayhanger" [1] he himself supplies a glaring illustration of what he has condemned. The whole section which describes with such pathos and flashlight intensity the experiences the elder Clayhanger had passed through as a child forced to work from daybreak in an underground factory, is wholly episodic, and *Punch* made great fun not so long ago, with this chapter as its text, over what it suggested was Mr. Bennett's habit of parenthesis. Yet no reader with any sense of beauty or pity would wish this retrospective section away, the more so as it throws

[1] "Clayhanger." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

Photo by H. J. Gover & Co., Hanley. **General View of Hanley, where Arnold Bennett was born.**

Two Caricatures of Arnold Bennett by E. A. Rickards.
They are described by the author's friends as "admirably cruel."

a valuable and, indeed, much-needed light on the relations of father and son, and the jealousy the old man feels as he compares the joylessness of his youth with the comforts and education Edwin has enjoyed. And that is a good sample of the difficulties which beset the critic who tries to pick holes in Mr. Bennett's technique. It is obvious, he may say, that "Clayhanger" ought to be half as short as it is, and that "The Old Wives' Tale" could do with compression. He may urge, and quite rightly, that the novelist should be more selective, and use the blue pencil more resolutely on his work. Mr. Bennett's art would be all the better if he could in these two cases have kept only the strictly representative scenes, and discarded much to which he has devoted loving labour. I am afraid it is true that he leaves his scaffolding on view without any sense of shame. But is it much use quarrelling with a novelist's method when it is so deliberately adopted as is Mr. Bennett's, and when it is so successful? For when all is said, this author manages somehow to secure what he aims at—the suggestion of realism—as well as much besides—thus an individual interpretation of life, and at any rate his detail is always made interesting and contributory to the general scheme.

When we come to examine the result produced by this mass of detail, there can be little doubt, it seems to me, about that. Emphatic as is Mr. Bennett the critic on a story being the first requisite of fiction, it is life itself, rather than a story, which he presents to us as a novelist in his best work. The pageant of life, from its early promise to its eclipse in decline and death—that is his subject, and surely it is big enough. Because this subject is so admirably covered in "The Old Wives' Tale,"[1] because the novel becomes an epic, as it were, of true, as distinct from sham realism, of Balzac's and Maupassant's, as distinct from Zola's realism, I regard the story of the Baines' sisters, who met with such different destinies, as far and away the completest and most striking thing Mr. Bennett has done. "Clayhanger," clear cut as is its battle between the old and the young, suffers from being but the first part of a trilogy, and from possessing a heroine whose personality is in the clouds and whose marriage to a man other than the one she loves is a mystery "to be explained in our next." "The Old Wives' Tale" labours under no such disadvantages. Within the range of a single novel we watch the progress of two girls from the age of fifteen till they sink into their graves. All the routine of the household and the shop, saddled with an invalid proprietor, is brought out as the tale gathers momentum. A typical section of the shop-keeping life of the Five Towns is spread out before our gaze. Then we are asked to watch the careers of the sisters. The one, hot-blooded and adventurous, ruins her chances by eloping with a contemptible sensualist, and has to pay for her folly by spending all her best years in running a boarding establishment under the Second Empire, and slowly amassing money enough to justify her in returning home. The other girl marries a worthy tradesman, becomes a widow, and the mother of a not too affectionate but mildly talented son, and drifts into a groove. The sisters join company, make allowances, but get rather badly on each others' nerves, and it is a relief to the gentle Constance when Sophia, who tries hard to make her move out of her stuffy house, dies with a rather tragic suddenness. There you have one of Mr. Bennett's most urgent morals—the difference between the spring and the winter of life. Sophia is so full of

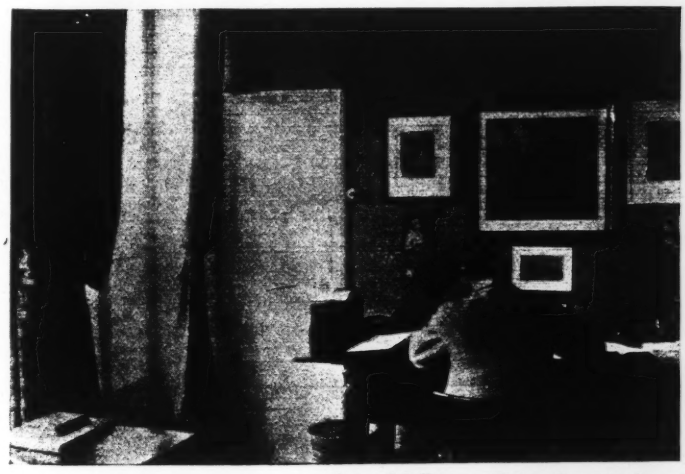
[1] "The Old Wives' Tale." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

vitality in her youth, Constance so sweet and good-natured; at the end both have become fussy old women who are fluttered and rendered miserable by the moods of a maid-servant. Disillusionment is the key-note of the novels; the revolt of youth against age furnishes their drama. Conceive the young rebelling against the tyranny of their elders, and then picture youth becoming old in its turn and bewildered before the assault of the next generation, and you have the secret of the irony of Mr. Bennett's fiction. He is always producing that effect, and time cannot stale its pertinency. The piquancy of it is accentuated if the novelist can contrive, as Mr. Bennett can contrive, to hint at the costumes, the fashions, the politics, the literary interests of each particular decade. He makes no mistake on these points, and so we obtain from him a history of the Midlands under the Victorian reign which is as exact and pungent as Mr. Wells's description of the southern suburbs of London in the same era provided in "The New Machiavelli."

Still, Mr. Bennett can write of the Potteries in lighter vein (the mere fact of that makes me hope he will reconsider his resolution of ceasing to deal with them on the conclusion of the Clayhanger trilogy). He does not always look at life from the standpoint of the grave. He can see and share in "The Grim Smile of the Five Towns."[1] In one of the short stories to which he gives that title he refers rather self-consciously to a particular class of joke which appeals to his fellow-countrymen of the Midlands, and wonders whether it will carry with a larger audience. It concerns a quixote who, in consequence of a youthful misadventure, found himself saddled with the maintenance of his half-brother, and was anticipated in love and other ways by a cub who never raised a finger to earn his own living. This struck the inhabitants of the Potteries as funny. Mr. Bennett professed a doubt as to whether Londoners would see matters in the same light. He has grown more courageous, for in his latest novel, "The Card,"[1] which is an uproarious farce, he has perpetrated a joke which is of the genuine Staffordshire pattern. "Cards" are eccentric but successful persons on whose actions it is never possible to count. Derry Machin was a "card" of that sort. He was an adventurer who somehow or other knew by instinct when to take the bold course. A laundress's son, he won a scholarship at the local endowed school by cheating, and he was never too scrupulous in after years. He took certain rent-collecting out of his employer's hands. He advanced loans to slum-tenants. He exploited a lifeboat at Llandudno. He started a thrift club in his native town, which had perilous adventures, but eventually brought him safe returns. He introduced himself to a local countess, and won her favour by a carefully arranged chapter of accidents. He made one mistake in love, and just in time transferred his affections to the most suitable of future wives. And by the most audacious of coups he became Mayor—the youngest Mayor on record—of his native town. His is the sort of career which the average townsman of the Potteries admires, and thinks amusing as well as clever. Mr. Bennett works out his history on humorous lines, and it is in its way very laughable. But he has carried through a much better joke in his play, "What the Public Wants."[2] ts dialogue is brilliantly incisive. The initial situation, which shows a great newspaper director confronted with friends who dislike the standard of taste adopted by his journals, is repeated with variations throughout the four acts. Again and again the policy of "What the Public Wants" is confronted with common decency, the demands of art, the matter of public morals, and the comfort of private persons. But the piece, though extremely diverting, is, of course, a key-play, to vary the label *roman-à-clef*, and its one purpose is to satirise, as it does aptly and mordantly, a newspaper millionaire of the hour. The only other play which Mr. Bennett has had staged, "Cupid and Common Sense,"[3] is a version of "Anna of the Five Towns." It is effective enough for three acts, but the last act, which aims at pointing the moral of the disillusionment of romantic love, misses fire, because it requires a break in the action and brings on characters that during the interval have lost their stage identity.

Mr. Bennett is a humorist, but in no sense is he gay. His comic mood is always associated with satire. His essays entitled "Fame and Fiction"[4] are in all truth amusing, but they are ferocious attacks upon "certain

[1] "The Grim Smile of Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)



Arnold Bennett in the study of his house at Fontainebleau.

[1] "The Card." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

[2] "What the Public Wants." A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. 2s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

[3] "Cupid and Common Sense." A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. (Frank Palmer.)

[4] "Fame and Fiction: An Inquiry into Certain Reputations." By E. A. Bennett. (Grant Richards.)

popularities." On women novelists of the day he is ruthlessly bitter and yet not unfair; he acknowledges their good points. There is indeed an element of hardness about his attitude towards life, as well as towards its interpreters. Love is for him a passion that is sure to end in disappointment, and the "common sense" which sacrifices it to material advantages has his sympathy. He does not sentimentalise this passion any more than he does the pathos of age. The old he makes lag, like veterans, superfluous on the stage. There is a piteous example of this in "The Old Wives' Tale," where an old lady is described as promising to a young couple presents they do not want, and they smilingly murmur "Poor old thing!" Age, I fear, does not obtain from Mr. Bennett its proper meed of respect and indulgence. Alike towards the old and towards love he is unromantic, and echoes the opinions of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Nor will he allow any false dignity to death. Constance Baines's husband may not in his coffin escape criticism; his beard stood out in a perky, tiresome way, even when the undertakers began their job. So, again, Mr. Bennett is sometimes a little bitter in his references to religion. What I have heard through Staffordshire relatives of the enthusiasm of Methodism in the 'sixties and 'seventies makes me dubious about accepting some of his pictures of chapel life in those decades. In point of fact, Mr Bennett is a realist of great imaginative power. We must not look to him perhaps for poetry or romance. But if we can bear the prose of life refracted through a very practical and unillusioned temperament, we may trust him about that confidently.

MARK TWAIN AS PSYCHOLOGIST.

By Professor John Adams.

IT may come rather as a surprise to the general reader that for the last thirty years of his life, Mark Twain had a keen interest in the subject-matter of psychology. He found his satisfaction not so much in reading on the subject—though on at least one occasion he spent a long restful day in bed reading a book on psychology—as in studying himself and others at first hand. The problem that attracted him specially was the automatic nature of our mental workings. About thirteen years ago he put his ideas on paper, and read them once or twice a year ever afterwards for his own edification; and he assures us that he remained satisfied that what he had written was truth. Now we have his little book with the title "What is Man?"*

It takes the form of a dialogue between an old man and a young one, and so far as literary execution is concerned, it cannot be said that Twain has been very successful. His style does not lend itself to this class of composition. The reader cannot fail to feel that the author is working in an unfamiliar medium. The book conveys the impression that its writer is anxious to convince, so it is quite probable that the dialogue form appealed to its author as the best for didactic work. The number of repetitions may be explained in the same way, and also perhaps the excessive use of italics. But when all has been said, the admirers of Twain's admirably terse style will regret his present choice. As is perhaps inevitable in such a case, the "old man" has rather the lion's share of the talk; but there is less of the convenient "Certainly, Socrates" replies than one might expect. The "young man" is genuinely, and sometimes epigrammatically, disappointed at the flattening effects of his elder's teaching.

Twain loses no time in answering his title question, What is man? The heading of the first chapter runs: "Man the Machine." This figure has always been popular. Lamettrie has a well-known little book with the title "L'Homme Machine," while Mr. Arnold Bennett produced quite lately an admirable short treatise on "The Human Machine." Lamettrie is not pleasant reading, but Bennett is eminently stimulating, and ought to be read by every one who rises up depressed from "What is Man?" For it cannot be denied that Twain's book is depressing, save in the case of vigorous readers who are roused to opposition. The main thesis is that man is a machine, and there is no personal merit in him. He is a mere resultant, and never has an idea of his own, an idea that may be legitimately said to be manufactured on the premises. Most of us are plain sewing machines, while Shakespeare and his kind are Gobelin looms; but machine and loom alike are free from personal desert. The driving power of the mechanism is always the same. Man's sole impulse to action is the securing of his own approval and the approval of his fellows. All our most generous impulses are merely different forms in which we seek our own approval. With this lowering mental diet, the student of ethics is tolerably familiar. Self-love as the origin of all human activity is no new doctrine; but it is seldom that it is so vigorously put and so strikingly illustrated as here. The ordinary philosophical writer runs to excess in abstractions. Twain emphasises the concrete.

It is curious that so clear a thinker should have failed to note the dualism into which he falls when dealing with the motive power that drives man. He tells us that there is the man who does things, and there is the force within him which makes him do them. The man is not free, because he must satisfy this inner force—"that exacting and inflexible master within him," that "Interior Monarch." Twain does not seem to

* "What is Man?" 2s. 6d. net. (Watts & Co.)

realise that he is thus splitting up his man into two. But as a matter of fact, there is only one man. Every man is his own Interior Monarch, only from our mental build we find it essential to turn ourselves back upon ourselves in order to make sure that the whole self does its work as a whole. It is of the very essence of the nature of man that he should go through this process of reflection. So far from being ashamed that we have to content our inflexible master within, we ought to be proud that he insists upon being contented, since after all he *is* the self that he dominates. Man's struggle is really after unity. The most fundamental law of our being is this desire for internal peace. It is as imperative in pure thought as it is in that form of thinking that leads to overt action. The internal conflict that worries Twain is really the interaction between one arc of the self and another arc. The ultimate appeal is always to the whole self instead of merely to a fragment of it. The appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober is an appeal from a small arc of the self to the self as a whole.

Twain has missed this unity of the self as a source of comfort for his young man, who is frankly disgusted with the sense of helplessness induced by the argument. But a glimmer of hope is suggested in *training*, to which a whole section of the book is devoted. This includes, we are told, not merely study, instruction, lectures, sermons, but *all* the outside influences, and "there are a million of them." Along with training goes temperament, which is defined as the disposition we are born with. These two by their interaction can effect great changes in the human machine. The question naturally arises: Can the ordinary human being take any share in thus modifying himself? If we are to accept the reiterated statement that "all his thoughts, all his impulses, come *from the outside*," we must admit that self-initiated improvement is impossible. Yet we find the young man's assurance accepted when he says that he has managed to control his temper more and more each year. In other words the young man is able to train himself, and to do it deliberately. Further, the old man goes the length of formulating an Admonition beginning "Diligently train your ideals upward." Had the injunction been "diligently train other people's ideals upward," it would have been consistent with the rest of the doctrine. It is reasonable that the old man should recommend: "the laying of traps for people. Traps baited with *Initiatory Impulses toward high ideals*." But can we lay traps for ourselves without any outside suggestion? It cannot be denied that we sometimes deliberately put ourselves in certain circumstances in order that in these circumstances we may be more or less compelled to act in a given way. The force thus put upon us no doubt comes from without, but in its origin it came from within. It is true that psychologists admit that it is impossible to find any bit of mental process that is *entirely* caused by preceding mental process. But all that is necessary is that preceding mental process should have some share in determining present mental process. That our process at any given moment is modified by external influences limits our freedom only to the extent that we need an external world in which to live. The process of training consists mainly in increasing the power of the preceding mental process to determine present mental process. When a sufficient degree of training has been reached, we have merely to set certain processes going, and they do all the rest without our further stir. So far from limiting our freedom of action, this merely enlarges the field within which freedom may be exercised.

Working as he does on the plane of the concrete, it is remarkable that Twain does not take account of the phenomena of remorse. He is treating his subject from the purely practical and common-sense point of view, and from that standpoint remorse is as sturdy a fact as is the need to content ourselves. It is not necessary to think of remorse as the grand passion that follows great crimes. It must be held to include the sense of dissatisfaction with ourselves that follows any slight failure to come up to our standard. If we are mere machines we have no use for remorse; yet remorse we certainly have. Accordingly, we have a right to know what the machine theory has to say in explanation.

Copyright, Trent Bridge Publishing Co., Stoke-on-Trent. **Market Square, Hanley.**

The centre of the Five Towns, in which the scenes of Mr. Arnold Bennett's best novels are laid.

It is gratifying to find that the author appears to realise how discouraging his treatise is, for in the person of the old man he appeals to the young one, who has to admit that he has never seen the old man uncheerful or unhappy in spite of holding these views. The young man fitly pleads that it may be merely a matter of temperament, and we can well believe that many temperaments will be greatly depressed by Twain's ingenious pages. Let such readers concentrate their attention on the old man's Admonition, and remember that if it is inconsistent with the rest of the book, so much the worse for the rest of the book.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE BRONTËS.*

By WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE Abbé Dimnet, who is familiar with England, its language and its literature, has chosen a fascinating subject. He has read the books by and about the Brontës carefully, and his admiration is tempered by the critical instincts of one who is of a different race and creed from the remarkable women of whom he writes. He makes mistakes, but these are unimportant for the English reader who will go to the book not for statement of facts, but for the author's opinions of that strange household of genius whom Fate had secluded for tragic ends, on the Yorkshire moors. All the family had the literary instinct, yet the father, with the greatest educational advantages, was, in literature, a mediocrity, and the son a woeful failure, whilst two, if not all three of the sisters, take their place in the front rank of English novelists. M. Dimnet places Emily first, Charlotte second, and the gentle Anne third, and that after a long interval. Of her last poems he says:

"Ces vers se chantent encore souvent et portent la résignation dans les cœurs de milliers d'hommes. Un des petits plans d'Anne s'est réalisé sans qu'elle s'en doutait, *mais c'est sa vie qui a donné à ses humbles strophes leur vertu.*"

From the sentence here italicised I should strongly dissent. These verses, as throbbing with heart-break as with resignation, are not "humble strophes," but reach a high level of lyrical power. And they have carried and will carry their lesson alike to those who know and to those who are ignorant of the sorrows of Anne Brontë's brief, dark life.

M. Dimnet's book gives an excellent epitome of the biographies of the three short-lived sisters, and of their ill-fated and short-lived brother and of the father whose length of days was so full of labour and sorrow. M. Dimnet has some penetrating criticism upon the sisters, but lays too much stress upon their combatant Protestantism, and their "provincialism," which he regards as its cause. He is surprised at the local enthusiasm for the Brontës, and he tells us in a footnote that "la gardienne du musée de Haworth, rude fille de dix-huit ans, lisait 'Shirley' pendant que l'auteur de ce livre examinait les reliques des Brontë." Why not? The incident, slight as it is, might have shown the Abbé that the "narrow provincialism" which he deplores in England is not so narrow as to exclude acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature. He would find on further inquiry that there is no insuperable difficulty of access to the works of the great writers in a Yorkshire town or village. Charlotte Brontë would probably not have loved Shakespeare better had she been born in Southwark. Too much stress surely is laid upon the "provincialism" of the Brontës. Would they have been less "Protestant" had they been born at Clapham? or less Tory if their home had been in Mayfair? Would they have come in contact with a wider variety of character and degrees of culture and education had the whole of their short lives been passed in the social surroundings of Bloomsbury or Hampstead? As to literature, there was no narrow range in the reading of the sisters, as may be seen in the letter of advice Charlotte sent to Ellen Nussey in July, 1834. Would M. Dimnet expect anything better from a "metropolitan" girl of eighteen?

The Brontë sisters owed little of their fame to contemporary critics. It was the readers, not the reviewers, who found out their excellences. The reviewers for the most part only helped by unjust denunciations which now appear grotesque. The critic who misjudges a work of genius runs a deadly peril. The Abbé Dimnet, oblivious of Lady Eastlake's many and serious services to literature, speaks of her as "une certaine Miss Rigby." And she will be best remembered as the woman whose cruel words wounded Charlotte Brontë in her tenderest susceptibilities. Lady Eastlake has also to her account a confident exposure of what she styled "Ruskin's elementary errors" in matters of art. But that was later. In both cases she showed the honest inability of even the "cultured" Philistine to understand Genius, speaking what to her was a new language and expressing thoughts she had never even dreamed. Yet Miss Rigby was not "provincial" but "metropolitan"—that is if foreign travel, residence in London and Edinburgh, intercourse with notable people, and literary experience could excuse her original sin of being born in Norwich. Another critic to whom M. Dimnet refers was the author of the article in the *North American Review*. It was written by Edwin Percy Whipple, whom Poe accused of belonging to the class who shut their eyes tightly to "autorial blemishes" and "open them like owls to all autorial merits." He certainly was not guilty of the last-named crime in the case of the Brontës. He earned the character of a sagacious and conscientious critic. Yet he thought that "Jane Eyre" had more than one author, and that this literary syndicate was composed of a brother and two sisters. He says: "Especially when

* "Les Sœurs Brontë." Par Ernest Dimnet. (Les Grands Ecrivains Etrangers.) (Paris: Bloud & Cie.)

we are favoured with more than one scene given to the exhibition of mere animal appetite, and to courtship after the manner of kangaroos and the heroes of Dryden's plays, we are gallant enough to detect the hand of a gentleman in the composition." With especial ill-luck he hit upon Acton as the male partner and styles him "the author of 'Wuthering Heights,' 'The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,' and, if we mistake not, of certain offensive but powerful portions of 'Jane Eyre.'" Of "Wildfell Hall" he says: "The work seems a convincing proof that there is nothing kindly or genial in the author's powerful mind, and that if he continues to write novels, he will introduce into the land of romance a larger number of hateful men and women than any other writer of the day." More might be quoted to show how completely a really clever craftsman of literature may miss his way when a masterpiece not yet free from the crime of novelty is thrust upon his attention. It is worth noting that Poe dissented from Whipples' verdict. The bewilderment of the professional literary people before the mystery of Acton, Ellis, and Currer Bell has its comic side. The biographer of William Harrison Ainsworth records that Charlotte Brontë's first novel was favourably reviewed in his three magazines. That is to his credit, but what shall we say of his first suspicion that G. P. R. James was the author of "Jane Eyre"?

M. Dimnet, who lays so much stress upon the "narrowness" and Puritanism of Charlotte Brontë, appears in the last pages of his book to adopt the ethical standard, for his peroration is from the text "Elle a préféré être que paraître." He protests against the theology that says that *they* please God who please themselves, and against that "self-realisation" which means the refusal to sacrifice the pleasure of the certain present moment either to the problematical future or to the happiness of others. He looks to a time when men will not be regarded as gods because they were brilliant. "Ce jour-la," he says, "on n'ira plus en pèlerinage à Haworth où la poussière des Brontë achevera de se dissoudre, mais Charlotte paraîtra grande d'avoir, ayant du génie, consenti à vivre et mourir petite." This is not convincing. Charlotte met her sombre lot with the courage, though not with the indifference, of a stoic. Would she have been happier or greater by the audacities of debasing revolt—by the unavailing refusal of the bitter cup which Fate presented to her trembling lips?

A GREAT AMERICAN JOURNALIST.

A Note on the Centenary of Horace Greeley.

I FIRST made acquaintance with Greeley in a ridiculous story by Artemus Ward of "Horace Greeley's Ride to Placerville," and nowadays I can never see Greeley's name without recalling that tale. After referring to the enthusiasm with which he was greeted everywhere when he went lecturing through California, the story proceeds to relate how Greeley made a journey of forty miles in a ramshackle coach to keep an important engagement at Placerville. At the outset, the lender of the coach warned the driver: "Now, mind, this great man must be there by seven sharp"; and the driver pledged himself, "He shall." They started so slowly that Greeley put his head out and admonished the man, who only answered stolidly "I know. I've got my orders." Presently, however, the whip cracked, and the horses began to get up speed and went on getting it up till they were tearing at ever so many miles an hour over one of the worst, bumpiest, ruttiest roads on earth, with Greeley bouncing about helplessly inside. By a superhuman effort he steadied himself sufficiently to look out again and suggest that they need not go quite so fast, but the driver cracked his whip and replied implacably, "I've got my orders. Keep your seat, Horace!" and so the wild ride continued, Greeley still bouncing about violently till one terrific jolt shot him up and he burst through the roof of the coach with his head.

At a village a couple of miles outside Placerville, they were met by a huge procession, including the Mayor, with banners, a brass band, and a wagonful of beautiful maidens in white who were prepared to start singing something on a given signal. Some of the astonished citizens saw the crumpled and damaged orator huddled inside the coach as it slowed down, but before they could ask questions, the driver demanded the time, roared, "My orders is to get him

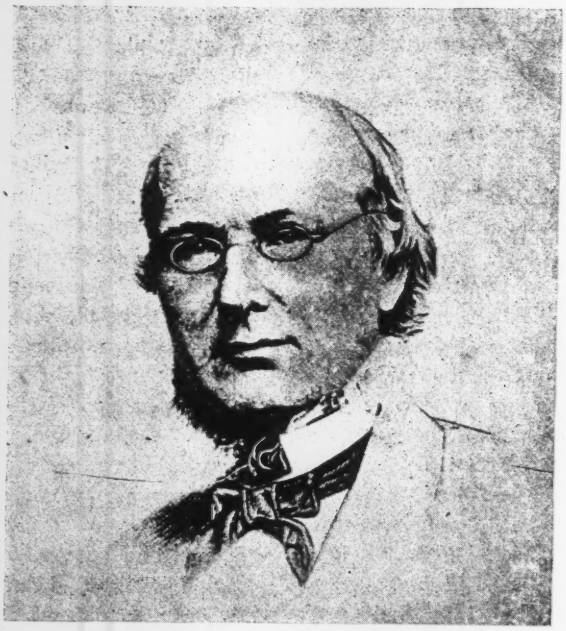
Horace Greeley's Birthplace, Amherst, New Hampshire.

there by seven. Clear the way! Whoop! *Keep your seat, Horace!*" and off they went again, scattering the procession, dashing through and leaving it to straggle in pursuit and be startled at intervals by the apparition of Greeley's bald head bobbing up and down through the hole in the top of the coach.

The outrageous absurdity of this story left me in doubt—for it was many years ago—whether Greeley was a real person, or merely a character created by Artemus Ward. But very soon after these doubts were resolved, for I found him meeting Dickens in Forster's Life, and I came upon an allusion to him in Bayard Taylor's "Diversions of the Echo Club." There, at the club's first meeting, Zoilus reads a composite parody of "The Bells" and "The Raven," which refers to a penal scroll on which a mystic fifty was written:

"And the days have passed, the three,
Over me!
And the debit and the credit are as one to him and me!
'Twas the random runes I wrote
At the bottom of the note,
(Wrote and freely
Gave to Greeley.) . . ."

And at the conclusion, Galahad asks: "What do you mean by the reference to Greeley?" and Zoilus explains, "I thought everybody had heard that Greeley's only autograph of Poe was a signature to a promissory note for fifty dollars. He offers to sell it for half the money." Then a chance reading of Greeley's own "Recollections of a Busy Life" sent me to some of the books that have been written about him, and I realised how great a man he was.

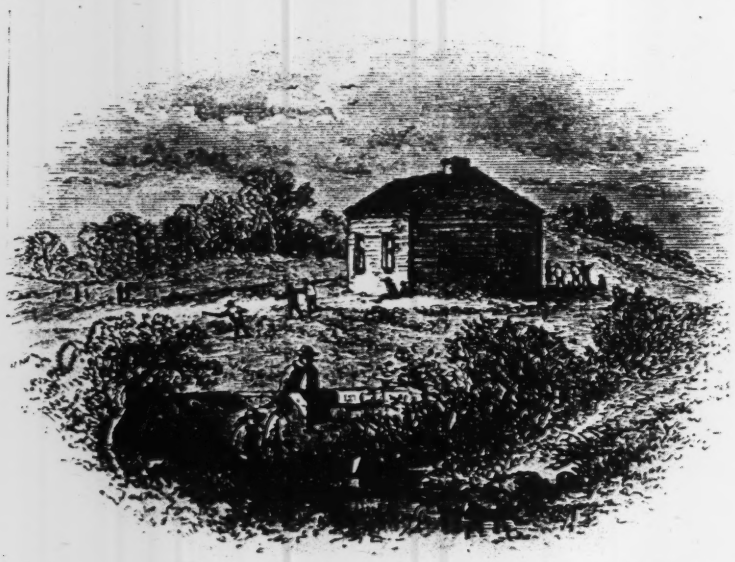


Horace Greeley.

In America, just now, they are celebrating the centenary of his birth. The hundredth year is not completed until February next, but they are a go-ahead people out there, and anyhow it is always better to be too early than too late.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, on February 3, 1811. He was the son of a farmer, who seems to have made nothing out of farming but debts. Before he was three he was sent to the primitive district school; as soon as he was old enough he worked in the summer on the farm, and only went to school in the winter. His first books were the Bible and "The Columbian Orator," which latter was presented to him by an uncle whilst he was laid up with measles. The Greeley household was continually in embarrassed circumstances, and in 1820 the home was sold up for debt, and the father took to flight to avoid arrest. When it was safe to do so, the family rejoined him at Vermont, where Horace, at fifteen, was apprenticed to a local printer.

Five years later, bent on bettering himself, he tramped a long journey to New York, picking up odd jobs by the way, and arrived at his goal with ten dollars in his pocket. After many disappointments, he was taken on by the foreman in a small printing establishment, and the first day he was there the head of the firm, seeing such a raw, simple-looking country lad standing at the cases, growled, "Where did you get that fool? Pay him off to-night!" But the foreman kept him on, and he proved more capable than he looked.



Horace Greeley's first School-house, Amherst.

His looks were always against him. He was a weedy youth, his face expressing neither character nor intellect; one of his gentlest friends was constrained to admit that his countenance was "not expressive." This is amply borne out by his portraits, those showing him in his latter days, a round-visaged, placidly beaming old gentleman, with clean-shaven upper lip and a fringe of white beard under his chin, being distinctly disillusioning.

Howbeit, before he had been ten years in New York, whilst he was a young

man of thirty, he founded the *Tribune*, which under his editorship became the leading and most powerful American journal of his generation. In an illustrated "Comic Life" of him published when he was a candidate for the Presidency, it is said that "at the outset, he began to pitch into everybody, like a boy with a popgun," and it is true to this extent, that he was a social reformer in grain, a man of ideals, with old memories behind him that prompted him in striving to ameliorate the lot of the poor; he was never afraid to print his opinions, and was always on the side that fortune had not favoured. He made vigorous war on what he considered corrupt in American journalistic methods; advocated education and temperance reforms; took up the gage for the downtrodden, and was defying "the priests of the god Cotton" and fighting for the emancipation of the slaves whilst Lincoln still hesitated, thinking the freedom of the blacks a less important matter than the preservation of the Union.

In the 'forties, Greeley became one of that famous Brook Farm brotherhood of which Emerson was the prophet. His wife was a friend of Margaret Fuller; and though he never lived in the Farm Colony, he was intimate with the transcendental enthusiasts who did, shared to the full their altruistic aims and passion for right living, and was among the contributors to their official journal, the *Harbinger*.

But he drifted away from them, fell in with certain food-faddists, dabbled in spiritualism, and got a reputation for being eccentric, and his dietetic experiments and natural carelessness in dress and appearance involved him in a good deal of ridicule. He was considered an uncommonly bad business-man; there are amusing stories told of his absent-mindedness, and certainly his creditors appear to have taken advantage of his easy habits; but throughout he remained a hard worker and his influence went on increasing. Turning to public speaking, he became as successful on the platform as he was in the press, and found so much pleasure in oratory that, after a while, when he was run down with overwork, the only way to induce him to take a holiday was to start him off on a lecturing tour.

In 1849 he was elected into Congress, and I imagine it was whilst he was writing and lecturing for the abolition of slavery that he may have made the journey to Placerville that Artemus Ward burlesqued. On the platform, his appearance was ungainly, his voice unmusical and monotonous, but he succeeded as a speaker because he was sincere and in earnest, was clear, concise, logical, as he was in his writing, and "never said a foolish thing." It was his speeches, his leaders and open letters in the *Tribune* that roused Lincoln to a decision, and influenced him at last to issue his momentous Emancipation Proclamation.

Greeley was himself nominated for the Presidency in 1872, and entered upon a tumultuous and bitterly contested election. He stood as an uncompromising social reformer, but the interests he attacked were too strong for him, and he emerged from the struggle "the most thoroughly beaten candidate who had ever run for the Presidency." It was commonly believed that this, coming as the culmination of the ridicule, slander, and misrepresentations to which he had been mercilessly subjected during the contest, broke his heart, for he died within a few days of his defeat.

He crowded an enormous amount of good work into the sixty-one years of his life. Whittier aptly named him "our later Franklin," and he stands out inevitably as one of the few great figures in the history of American journalism. He edited three other newspapers whilst he was conducting the *Tribune*; wrote Histories of the Struggle for Slavery Extension, and of the War between North and South; a book about farming, one on social reform, and prefaces to many books; but his greatest work went into the columns of the *Tribune*, and his highest claim to fame is as the champion of the slave. In that business, he was the man behind the President, and he had been the man before him. At the time of his death, one of his critics spoke the right thing when he said, "The coloured race, when it becomes sufficiently educated to appreciate his career, must always recognise him as the chief author of their emancipation from slavery and their equal citizenship."

But his own simpler claim on posterity, whether it includes the other or not, bespeaks the true journalist. "I cherish the hope," he wrote, "that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future ages the still intelligible inscription: 'Founder of the New York *Tribune*.'"

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

New Books.

GOLDWIN SMITH.*

Those who are familiar with Goldwin Smith's books—they are now, it is to be feared, a diminishing company—and who know his capacity as a master of long views and short sentences, will turn with some avidity to this record of a life which it has so long been the fashion *monstrari digito*. They will be disappointed if they look for a personal revelation or a memoir of intellectual growth. Goldwin Smith's friendships, he tells us, were the great events of his life, and he certainly makes his friends bear the brunt of his autobiography. About his mind or his inner self or the motives which determined his expatriation he tells us little or nothing. He was not one of those like Herbert Spencer who could go home and think about their past until it became for them the axis of the universe. He was one of those rather who accumulated stray leaves of recollections, some very vivid, written either under an immediate impression or in some very lucid interval of the memory, others written, perhaps, as collecting links or based upon generalised

* "Reminiscences." By Goldwin Smith. Edited by Arnold Haultain. Illustrated. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

reminiscence. The leaves grew into an autumnal stack and were left at the end of eighty-seven years still unfinished. An accident in February, 1910, gave the author little opportunity of adjusting or revising them. This work has devolved upon his secretary, a French Canadian, Mr. Arnold Haultain, who was the *alter ego* of his later years and whose name has already appeared as the author of at least one *jeu d'esprit* of considerable merit. The task was no doubt an extremely difficult one, and Mr. Haultain, who is said to meditate a further sheaf of gleanings about the historian's later years, may be congratulated upon a substantial achievement. Yet it is not unfair to add that the book would have been sensibly improved had the text and footnotes (the latter especially) been sedulously revised by a literary man of these latitudes. Mr. Haultain informs us that he wrote the notes for a younger generation. He should have added "of French Canadians," for the information that he supplies and for which he avows that "Messrs. Smith, Elder & Company's 'Dictionary of National Biography' was invaluable" is not of the kind permissible among the class of people of whatever age who read books of this order in their native tongue. We do not want to be reminded on every page that Hooker (whose birth and death dates are scrupulously given) wrote the "Ecclesiastical Polity," or Joseph Butler (dates) "The Analogy of Religion" (full title), or John Keble (dates and appointments) "The Christian Year." We are not stimulated to any intense glow of appreciation by learning that Queen Victoria succeeded William IV. in 1837, that Gladstone was a great English statesman, Jowett the author of a translation of Plato, or the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Such diligence is the more misplaced inasmuch as there are a considerable number of real difficulties and obscurities scattered about the text. I will not speak of the repetitions, though these are far too numerous—the substance of one paragraph, for instance, about Mazzini is reproduced in no less than three slightly different forms. To take a few difficulties of construction alone (and passing by the fact that on page 123 the Latin epitaph does not seem to construe, unless for Anglicæ we read Angliæ), what is meant to be conveyed by this sentence on page 197: "Perhaps there is a certain similarity between the cases of a political leader and a stormy element which would make extreme sensitiveness a drawback," and how (if at all) should we emend this sentence on page 367: "In the early days of the University notices were put up for students of employment in tending masons"? These are strange derelictions from Goldwin Smith's usual type of expression, which is the acme of lucidity.

To those unaccustomed to his staccato style the pathos of the first few chapters may be somewhat veiled. They are certainly among the best in the book, which is saying much, for very few volumes of recent reminiscences have approached these in interest or power. The small English country town (Reading), the rural life that the Miss Mitfords knew, and the covert-side of eighty years ago are indicated here in few but unerring words. Like most dissatisfied men and caustic interpreters of history, Goldwin Smith had a warm spot for the unsophisticated land of his youth. Few pleasures can equal a good run. There was a fellow feeling then among fox-hunters. "Sir John was a type of his class. He hunted a wide country. In winter his life was spent in the saddle. He swore in good old style. 'Sir John's pretty well in his swearing, sir,' was his groom's answer to my father's inquiry after his health." The stories of the Iron Duke are delightful. He had not much taste, and when a Roman villa was opened on his estate and drew visitors he had it covered up, saying that if people wanted to see curiosities they must go to Italy. He went regularly to church and had a gallery to himself with a fireplace, the fire in which, growing deaf, he was apt to poke rather loud. Though cold, hard, and unsympathetic, his delineator sums him as a noble model of simple devotion to duty, without undue vanity. He is perhaps fairer to Wellington than to any of his own contemporaries. Even old Routh could not excite his veneration. Routh's deafness at ninety, increased by his wig, combined with his old-fashioned Oxford regard for rank to produce a funny incident. A gentleman commoner, son of a baronet, having been beyond measure lawless, was being reprimanded by his tutors at collections. The President, who had been looking the other way, hearing the loud sound of voices, turned round, saw a baronet's son on the opposite side of the table, and taking it for granted that the tutors were paying him compliments, chimed in with "I am very happy, Mr. Blank, to hear what the tutors say of you. Pray tell Sir Charles with my compliments that you are a credit to the college."

Smith was a tutor at University College in the early 'fifties of the last century, then he became secretary to the Royal Commission, and the Parliamentary Commission of University Reform which followed it. In this capacity, as an advanced Liberal who knew Eton and Oxford, and had strong conservative instincts to qualify his rationalism, he got to know many of the most eminent men of his day. Conington, Freeman, and Archbishop Tait are among the very few whom he praises at all unreservedly. The two great London hostesses of the day, Lady Waldegrave and Lady Ashburton, are vividly brought before us, and we have a comic view of the author as bear-leader taking Carlyle for a trot in the grounds at the Grange in order that Tennyson might read "Maud" without molestation. Disraeli is painted altogether *en noir*, but not it would seem from very close observation. A chance phrase of dislike discharged against Smith as an academic parasite or social sycophant appears to have rankled like poison. The author wings shaft after shaft at the author of "Lothair" and would like to outdo Carlyle. His barbs, however, are not very formidable, and his half-praise of Gladstone is more damaging.

> "That Gladstone was a statesman of the very highest class I should find it difficult to believe. His moves always seemed to be impulses rather than the parts of a settled plan. In his speeches on the extension of the franchise he failed to indicate the polity which he expected to produce, and talked fallacious commonplace about uniting the whole people about their ancient throne. If he attacked the Lords, it was not that he had deliberately made up his mind in favour of a change, but that they came in his way at the moment; and the constitutional doctrines which he put forward on that occasion were the angry fabrication of the hour. His proposal to give Ireland a Parliament of their own and at the same time a representation in the United Parliament which would have enabled her to hold the balance of parties and practically to dominate there can hardly be mentioned with calmness. His lifelong friend and supporter, Lord Selborne, said in a letter to me that Gladstone was morally insane.
>
> "As a speaker he was in the highest degree effective, but the effect was produced by his command of the subject, by the ascendancy of his character, by the impressiveness of his manner and an admirable voice, rather than by any grace or force of language. He was at his best, I think, in expounding a great measure and steering it through the House. He had, as was said before, marred the freshness of his style by over-much speaking in debating clubs early in life. His prolixity, which Disraeli called his verbosity, was not felt by the hearers of his speeches, who were rather struck by his command of perfectly correct language, but it is greatly felt by his readers."

It is rather strange to find so venomous an assailant of Disraeli reverting to the language of that numerous confraternity of Tories who wandered about the 'eighties asseverating that Gladstone ought to be horsewhipped. The mere repetition of that senseless phrase disgusted me with all party politics for ever. But it is the same with almost every public man who swims into Goldwin's ken. His epithets suggest that a man cannot divide his life between two hemispheres with impunity. Why he left Oxford and the chair he had occupied with distinction for eight years or so (from 1858 to 1866) is not explicitly stated. There is no doubt, however, that the tragic end of his father proved a great shock to him. His was a restless mind, exasperatingly calm and far-seeing in moments when others are blind with instant passion—qualities which do not always promote goodwill. His position at Cornell and his

translation to Toronto seem a strange epilogue to such a career as his. He probably felt rather "cooped up," even though he was to a certain extent recognised as a social and political arbiter and a master of ceremonies to eminent Europeans upon their disembarcation in a new world. Both parties appealed to him as to an old man eloquent, and his sayings had some at any rate of the medicinal properties of quinine. His written opinions are only a pale reflection of his obiter dicta. The sayings of an old man are less eloquent than his lightest recollections—it is so at any rate in the present instance.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

This book was originally published eleven years ago in Germany, where eight editions and 60,000 copies have been sold, but its author is an Englishman and his work deserves to be equally well known in his own country. For Mr. Chamberlain has written a book which, however it may often startle or displease, must yet leave a deep and lasting impression on the mind. The misfortune is that to give any real account of it in a brief review is almost impossible. Lord Redesdale, who contributes an Introduction of fifty-six pages, complains of the narrowness of his limits, while the writer himself continually refers to the compelling necessity for condensation under which he labours. And the subject is indeed immense. Since the dim and distant days when an obscure tribe of nomad Semites first drove its flocks northward from "Ur of the Chaldees," and the Aryan forefathers of the Greeks, the Romans, and our own Teuton stock began to migrate from behind the mountain fastnesses of India, the long and secular story of our origin seems to exceed all power either of comprehension or of statement. None the less, to get some insight into it is a necessity; for we ourselves are largely what the past has made us, and to-day we build, as it were, on air, unless we understand something of the work done by those who have gone before us in unnumbered yesterdays. But amid the great labyrinth of facts where shall we find the clue to their interpretation? "In race," is Mr. Chamberlain's decisive answer; in examining, that is, how two great races, the Aryan and the Hebrew, have made us what we are. He will have nothing to do with "humanity" in general, as being something too vague to grasp, but he lays hold on "race" and racial influence as the most palpable reality in history. It is the good stock, the pure breed, which alone counts, while the rest of mankind "are as though they had never been." Look, he says, at antiquity, and whatever really survives comes either from Greece and Rome on the one hand, or from Judea on the other. Look at to-day, and you see everywhere the mastery of those Aryan races which we call "Teutonic," threatened only, as he holds, by the unconquerable will and tenacious superstition of the Jew. The art and culture of Hellas, the law and statesmanship of Rome, the teaching of that Galilean carpenter who is "the supreme religious genius" of mankind—these are part and parcel of our very lives, and they are gifts which come to us from an age when races still retained their strength because they still retained their purity.

Then followed the Roman Empire, that "chaos of peoples," that "State without a nation," that "congeries of mongrels bound together only by community of taxes and superstition," which crushed out all that was characteristic, destroyed the very idea of race, and in the realm of thought heaped together only a confused mass of fragments borrowed from every creed and every philosophy under the sun, so that when Christianity itself reappears, crowned though it was and "seated upon the seven hills," it is no longer a pure religion of the heart but a code of dogmas that require obedience but not belief. The Romish Church dreamed indeed—and it is an inspiring dream—so to blend in one the *Imperium Romanum* and the *Civitas Dei* that the kingdoms of the world might become the *regnum Christi quod in terris incohatur in cælo perficitur*, but in fact it wholly forgot that great saying, "the kingdom of God is within you." It brought back the whole "law of ordinances" and sought to set up a universal tyranny which should hold the nations under its sway and every soul of man in its perpetual servitude. And then, like "a light from the north," the Teutonic races burst upon the gloomy scene. Strong in hand and steadfast in heart, lovers of freedom and with a deep instinct for religion, not as an outward rule, but as a power from within, these men refused to be coerced. Slowly and surely, through long ages of struggle, they built themselves into nations, and when they became so, they resolved that the nation should be sole master of its own destinies, and above all that each member of it should possess the captaincy of his own soul. Thenceforth Rome might lay her ban on what she would, but the Teuton cared no longer for either bull or ban. He opened the long-closed book of Nature, and as he explored with fearless eagerness its ample pages, the pulse of life beat ever quicker in his veins, and he grew as it were from strength to strength. He opened the New Testament—the book that hitherto had been "sealed with seven seals"—and as the figure of Christ grew ever clearer and clearer he shook off dogma after dogma, fetter after fetter. That is his story in the past, and therein is his hope for the future. Around him is the material universe with its inexorable mechanism, whose laws, the more he explores them—and the struggle for life compels him ceaselessly to do so—seem to hold him in an ever closer grip of iron necessity. But that outer necessity has for him no terrors, for within him he finds another universe where he is himself supreme, where the intellect and imagination can create their own world of art, poetry, and music, while the soul may become that true "kingdom of God" which brings with it perfect liberty, the being made one with Christ, and the entering into eternal life.

Such, so far as they can be put in a few lines, seem to be the guiding thoughts which run through these two volumes. But quite apart from its main theme the book is everywhere rich in matter of the deepest interest. The sections, for instance, which deal with "Hellenic Art and Philosophy," "Christ and Buddha," "The Mystics," or with "Paper" in regard to its influence on civilisation are admirable quite apart from their connection. So, too, is the whole history of the Jews, and especially the study of their ethnography, as a race sprung from the crossing of a Semitic ancestry with the Syrian stock of the "sons of Heth" and with that breed of men "tall as cedars, strong as oaks," whom we know as Amorites, and then, after the exile, kept pure and consequently vigorous by priestly legislation of the most exclusive type. Nor, perhaps, is Mr. Chamberlain less instructive when he comments on the ill effects which the formal and materialistic tendencies of later Judaism have had on Christian theology, but he is open to severe criticism when he becomes recklessly "anti-Semitic." He is never weary of telling us how the greatest intellects have ever regarded the influence of the Jews as "pernicious," and he can even write with savage ferocity, "*Delenda est Ierosolyma.*" Doubtless indeed he can bolster up his argument by referring to many harsh sayings to be found in Ezekiel or the Torah or the Talmud. But men are often better than their creed, or it would go ill with the world. And as no one would take the Symbol of Athanasius, or the Article on Predestination, or Milton's anathemas against episcopacy as typical of Christian feeling, so we

* "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." By H. S. Chamberlain. Translated from the German by J. Lees, D.Lit. With an Introduction by Lord Redesdale, K.C.B., etc. 2 Vols. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

must deal not less fairly with the Jew, whose ways may not be our ways but whose failings are, perhaps, not greater than our own. This, however, is the only clear blot on Mr. Chamberlain's book. Everywhere else we may disagree but we cannot help admiring, while those who hold that in those inner impulses which we call "religion" is to be found the *primum mobile* of all progress, and that consequently "the birth of Jesus Christ," from whom that impulse received a new force and a new direction, "is the most important event in the whole history of mankind," owe him, assuredly, a deep debt for the fearless manner in which, after exploring all learning and all history, he sets the immediate personality of Christ in the foremost place as the supreme subject of all rational study. For if we would indeed find the true "foundation" of religious life, then we must seek it, not in creeds and dogmas, not in decrees of councils or amid the disputes of theologians, but by direct reference only to the life and teaching of Christ himself. All else is fleeting and ephemeral: that alone is basic, steadfast, and enduring.

"Subtlest thought shall fail, and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go;
But our human needs, they will not alter,
Christ no after age shall e'er outgrow."

T. E. PAGE.

CHRISTIANITY IN ACTION.*

This is a sequel to "Broken Earthenware," a set of religious studies or stories written in a highly emotional style and with evident sincerity. With one exception, "A Tale of a Treaty Port," the contents describe incidents and characters in connection with the West London Mission, which Mr. Hugh Price Hughes founded. It is to such a mission, Mr. Begbie claims, "that the inquirer must go if he would really understand the place and power of Christianity in the destinies of the human race." The sub-title of the book is "A Study of Christianity in Action," and the West London Mission, with its social and evangelistic activities, its sisters and its services in the Lyceum Theatre, is taken to represent Christian energy in touch with the actual problems of modern civilisation. Mr. Begbie is careful to point out that the rescue-work of the mission is not everything. That appeals, as he admits, "more dramatically and poignantly to one's sympathy"; but, he adds, "I doubt if any part of its activity is more useful to the community and more serviceable to the cause of religion than this quiet, unpicturesque, and almost commonplace devotion to the shopman and clerk." A story like that of "The Flowing Tide" is enough to prove how insidious are the temptations which beset assistants in some of the large houses in London.

In two respects it is claimed that this book differs from its predecessor. It also describes cases of conversion, but they are less characterised by suddenness and passionate emotion. Some, for example, narrate the slow recovery from dipsomania. Once again, to quote from the author's preface, "in 'Broken Earthenware' the testators were all men, and of the humblest classes in the community, some of them the very lees and dregs of society. In the present book most of the stories concern women, and in all cases the strata of society is above the depths." These differences, together with the fact that the one book draws upon the Salvation Army and the other upon the West London Mission, seem to give the sequel an independent interest. But the same qualities which swept "Broken Earthenware" into such a widespread popularity are evident in this volume. Mr. Begbie preaches more, perhaps; he takes the opportunity of re-stating his beliefs in reply to criticism; but it is the preaching of a man who has seen things, and been stirred by the sight. He has also the faculty of enabling his readers to feel something of the practical enthusiasm whch throbs in his own heart. Fielding made Squire Western break out upon the parson with the indignant remonstrance, "Art not in the pulpit now! When art got up there, I never mind what dost say." Mr. Begbie is in the pulpit here; he writes with an undisguised religious purpose; but the success of his preaching is proved by the fact that he does get his readers to attend to him, not only when he is relating a story, but when he is commenting upon its social or psychological or religious bearings. As a specimen of the author's descriptive power, the following passage may serve:

"At my side, leaning against the closed shutters of a shop, were men of ill-appearance, with hard faces and fierce eyes, their clothes stamped with all the marks of a degrading destitution. On the opposite side of the street was a many-windowed public-house, bright with gaslight, the doors open, the various compartments filled with an identical swarm of dirty but hilarious men and women; at an upper window, dressed in a white blouse, her arms resting on the edge of a flower-box, was a barmaid listening to the hymns and watching the people. Next door to the tavern was a butcher's shop, the meat set out on trays under the spouting gas-jets, the butchers walking or lounging in front, sometimes calling their wares, more often regarding the Mission service with faces of amused disdain. Everywhere, from side to side of the houses, were grimy children, shouting and screaming at their play, occupying the whole road with chalked-out spaces, settling their disputes with abuse at the top of the voice and blows with all the force of fury at their back. Occasionally these grimy children would throng round the hymn-sheet, gape at the printed words, glance at the preacher on the rostrum, and then with an impatient and disgusted 'Oh, come on!' dash back to their play. Through this herd of noisy children passed constantly solitary figures, men with grim faces, women with streaming hair and blotched skins, some of them walking like spectres, others stumbling and swaying like the swine of Epicurus—a few of them glancing with dull interest at the missionaries, some of them tossing their heads in a scorn that was almost hatred, some of them passing into the darkness without a sign of anything."

This is not the description of foreign missionaries in a pagan town. It is a London scene of to-day. Mr. Begbie is amply justified in asking whether these things should not sink into the conscience of the churches and of all who believe in the gospel of purity and salvation.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "In the Hand of the Potter." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE.*

By some misunderstanding this volume crossed in the post my letter declining to review it on the ground that I knew too little about Nietzsche and wished that I knew less. I wish it now more than ever, for after toiling painfully through the book one is not much the wiser, and assuredly none the happier.

An insuperable disability should perhaps arrest my pen. It is this. The biographer, M. Halévy, reluctantly admits, or at least implies, and Mr. Kettle in his Introduction boldly asserts, that Nietzsche's opinions and philosophy—or rather philosophies, for he had so many, and so inconsistent—are valueless save to the paradox-collectors as mental curios and *chinoiseries*; but that his glory is supreme as the reformer, refiner, and perfecter of German prose. If then he is to be judged solely as a German stylist, I could not judge him with confidence even after reading him in the original, nor I suppose could any one but a German born.

Yet just a caveat in passing. May there not be a little fashionable exaggeration? Both the above critics fasten upon one of Nietzsche's random remarks, where

* "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche." By Daniel Halévy. 8s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

he exclaimed that he would "Mediterraneanise" German prose. Well, no doubt, like the few of his compatriots of like mental complexion, he chafed against the tardy and overweighted German sentence, and relished keenly the form and lucidity of Greek, and in a less degree of Latin style. But I suspect that unconsciously he was only trying to "Gallicise" German. He does not strike me as really German at all, but rather as a Sclave or Celt "made in Germany." The family legend of his Polish extraction may very likely have been true. His strict and excellent schooling at Pforta, his studies at Leipsic, his home life at Naumberg, all pressed his mind into the Teutonic mould, but it was never congenial; it cramped and irritated and paralysed him. For all his enthusiasms about the "German spirit" and his fancied patriotism, he viewed Germany from the outside as a critical foreigner might do. His amazing versatility, his power of rapid acquisition, his visionary exaltation, his reckless audacity, his blindness to logical fallacy, his charming inconsistency and fickleness, above all his instability of thought and purpose, seem to me symptoms of a Sclavonic origin, though doubtless to some extent accentuated by incipient mental disease.

Long before he owned, or even recognised, it, he, like other Sclaves, was attracted by the Gallic spirit, and that attraction became paramount when in his last period French authors became his favourite reading. But surely Nietzsche is not the first German who could be sprightly, lucid, and epigrammatic when he liked. He boasts that the language passed through Luther and Goethe to be finally perfected by him. And this boast our two critics allow. That he has entirely and for ever revolutionised German diction, I suspect is an ephemeral judgment.

To eradicate the spirit of a great language would be pernicious, were it possible, which it is not. Our Latinisers thought they had stereotyped a perfect literary language to reign for ever raised above the vulgar tongue. Theirs now survives only as the language of burlesque. But indirectly their efforts have proved fruitful and salutary.

Friedrich Nietzsche.

After a statuette by Herr Arnold Kramer. Executed from life in 1898 by request of Frau Elizabeth Förster Nietzsche for the Nietzsche Archiv at Weimar.

From "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche," by D. Halévy. (Fisher Unwin.)

If Nietzsche has really transformed German—which I venture to doubt—a reaction will soon come, but some results of his innovations will survive for good.

Of course, if the Germans become Nietzscheans, or if they achieve a Napoleonic tyranny over Europe, they may affect a cosmopolitan speech, but as long as they remain Germans they will think and talk like Germans. And so much the better. To each race its genius; to each genius its own voice, its language.

Nietzsche the stylist being thus beyond our ken we can deal here only with the man and the philosopher as he flits in unsteady, kinematograph fashion through M. Halévy's pages. This author is competent and painstaking, but his book unsatisfying and disappointing, more from error of judgment than from the obvious difficulties of his task. He gives us no Preface whatever, not a word of his attitude and aim, nothing about his predecessors, no *resumé* of what has hitherto appeared about Nietzsche and his opinions, no bibliography or even brief list of the hero's works.

It is only from Mr. Kettle we gather that his book is "founded on that of Madame Förster," the good sister, who however is evidently supplemented and at times controverted. The childhood and youth are well treated and very interesting, but afterwards the biography becomes more and more vague and fragmentary: after Nietzsche gave up his professorship in 1879 we read mostly about his constant flittings, with trivial details about the various lodgings, and his recurring illnesses and convalescences: these meagre facts interspersed among scraps of letters and too loose and wordy comments. But what is really exasperating is that the author, like Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus," leads us on almost to the end in the vain hope that something really important and wonderful is in store. Nietzsche is going to work marvels, so please attend while I trace his developments and preparations—see, he is advancing—now be careful, the climax is near—and so on. The consequence was that instead of skimming the book, I read laboriously, and fearing to miss some precious hint, some important key, I studied again and again many an obscure passage, the obscurer from awkward translation. I hoped that Zarathustra was the climax, but no, higher summits lay beyond. And at last with dismay I found Nietzsche finally retiring to the asylum—I had missed the climax—looked back for it—there never was one. Nietzsche had not developed, only oscillated for years on the moderate altitude which he had very early attained.

M. Halévy, though by no means uncritical, is an indulgent and sympathetic biographer, His worst fault is the practice, now too common, of guessing or inventing his hero's thoughts and opinions, then summarising them and jumbling them up with actual quotations, so that one is never sure how much is authentic. This is called tracing the development of genius. I hate this misleading use of the *oratio obliqua*. However, cut down to one-third, the book would have been well worth reading. Mr. Kettle's brief Introduction is much more: it says almost all that needs to be said about Nietzsche, and says it magisterially and finally.

Nietzsche's manhood was a sad failure; his youth alone attracts us by its rich promise. As a mere boy he meditated and wrote like a mature philosopher. The passage on p. 31 is indeed marvellous in its ripe reflection. He reminds us of the young student Gibbon—but how different was their harvest-home of achievement! Hölderlin and Schopenhauer influenced him for the good, but Wagner on the whole did him harm. Both were born charlatans; both had

vast genius and noble aims. Wagner was the bold, magnificent charlatan, Nietzsche the gentler type, affectionate, hero-worshipping, truthful, conscientious, scrupulous, yet all the same with an innate instinct for pose, a born eye to effect, a yearning to dazzle and impress. This blending of a very beautiful sincerity and simplicity with frank chartalanism was probably due to mental disease. Hence too his faults, which were many—perhaps grave, for we know so little of his life during his spells of Bohemian seclusion. But his virtues, if few, were very, very great and rare. I am sure that the picture of his mature life—no blame to his biographers—is utterly inadequate and misleading—inferred as it is from his own wayward, inconsistent, spasmodic revelations of feelings of the moment, and from the reports of friends who never really understood him. His Life should never have been written at all.

Though the Nietzschean philosophy never existed, it has, we are told, numerous disciples. I can well believe it. He not only contradicted himself from year to year—that was only reasonable—but always he contrived to hold two contradictory views at the same time, and was wretched because he could not reconcile them. In vain his apologists try to trace a consistent thread in his mental career. Even his persistent optimism was really but an aspiration which he perpetually neutralised by practical pessimism. Therefore cranks of diverse and opposing factions can all find something in Nietzsche to bolster up opinions which he detested. But though his philosophies were fantastic and barren, he was a brilliant thinker. His poet-mind teemed with splendid and noble imagery, but he argued from images, not facts. His logic is deplorable. He took the most original and searching views of the profoundest problems and gave them new aspects, but they were not of his propounding, nor solution. His theories were all unconsciously borrowed. He handled them brilliantly but left them just where he found them. We may, we must, take leave of him at that typical moment when he discovered his central doctrine of the Eternal Return. But first recall in passing how the "Decline and Fall" was conceived by a mightier sage as he meditated in the ruins of the Colisseum. Nietzsche sits under a rock—suddenly the Secret of the Universe is revealed to him. Matter is eternal and only capable of a definite number of combinations—give it long enough and it must return to the forms of to-day—the time will recur again and again, when the universe will be in its minutest detail what it is now—here "a man like me—*myself in fact*" (mark the bold fallacy) will again and again rediscover the Great Secret, etc., etc. He bursts into tears—is half-mad for some days—records his precious revelation, dating it "August, 1881, at Sils-Maria, 6,500 feet above the sea, and far more than that above all human things." His first conception is really a curiosity (see p. 231)—the many false premisses and barefaced wrong deductions, his horror at the black prospect, his joy in the blessed hope—the old, old story of his two-faced inconsistency. And then he tries to work it out in "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and failing to make head or tail of it, worries himself into the madhouse. And not a few, it seems, are to-day following his torch to the same bourne. Nietzsche would not see that the Secret is being rediscovered, not by previous or subsequent Nietzsches, but always and everywhere by nearly everybody who amuses himself with such speculations, for it is so obvious. And then rejected, for it is so obviously false, obviously fruitless and uninteresting. As a mathematical paradox the Eternal Return may be postulated for Eternity, but in Time, still more in the life of the solar system, it is absolutely impossible. And were it possible, were it true, it would not move us to horror or joy, would bear in no way whatever on human thought or conduct, for "a man like myself" is *not* "myself in fact," but somebody else. When you have stripped off the tinsel the Return is but a vain speculation as uninteresting, as barren and trivial as the question whether in the planet Saturn there are or are not forms of organic matter so vulgar as to eat peas with a knife.

A saner, simpler, manlier philosopher rediscovered the Secret, years before Nietzsche, though only at sea-level, and exploded it with a wise laugh. Mr. Muddle, in "Peter Simple," cherished the Eternal Return:

> "'I beg your pardon, Captain Savage, you found just the same fault with me on this very quarter-deck 27,672 years ago.' 'If I did,' interrupted the captain, 'depend upon it that at the same time I ordered you to go aloft and attend to your duty; and although, as you say, you and I cannot recollect it, if you did not obey instantaneously, I also put you in irons, and' . . . 'I rather think, sir,' replied the carpenter, humbly touching his hat, 'that no such thing took place, for I went up immediately, as I do now, and,' he continued as he ascended the rigging, 'as I shall again in another 27,672 years.'"

It is all there. Go aloft—not "far more than 6,500 feet above all human things," to squeeze out of your poor crazy brain some will o' the wisp to set fools agape. Go aloft, and attend to your duty.

Y. Y.

A DIVINE ACCIDENT.*

In a sympathetic and illuminating introduction to Mr. Raphael's translation of "Marie-Claire," Mr. Arnold Bennett describes the book in a bold but just phrase as "a divine accident." In all the columns of criticism which "Marie Claire" has provoked no phrase sums up so admirably the effect which it produces. Even if the book did not bear the unmistakable stamp of truth, of direct personal experience, the story of Marguerite Audoux is so wildly improbable that no one would have dared to invent it. All the world knows now how Marguerite Audoux, having lost her mother and being deserted by her father, was brought up in a convent orphanage until she was old enough to be "boarded out" with a farmer in the Sologne.

* "Marie-Claire." By Marguerite Audoux. Translated by John A. Raphael. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Marguerite Audoux.
Author of "Marie-Claire."
From "Marie-Claire." (Chapman & Hall.)

Of education in the ordinary sense she had little or none. But she learned at the convent to read, and though her books were few, by some instinct or rare gift she chose at once the best. A tattered copy of "Télemaque" was a godsend to her. No one told her the difference between literature and trash, but she needed no one. She was born with the sense of style. After a few years as a shepherdess in the Sologne she came to Paris in search of more books. Here in the scanty leisure afforded by her work as a sempstress she read eagerly, but it was not till failing eyesight forbade her to sew at night that she thought of realising a vague but ever-growing ambition to write a story herself. In the meantime, though desperately poor, she was not without friends. The singular charm of her personality had won her a place in a circle of young literary men, the best known of whom was the late Charles Louis Philippe. She wrote at first simply because she loved to write, and it was the enthusiasm of her friends which suggested to her the possibility of finding a publisher for her work.

When "Marie-Claire" was finished the manuscript was shown to Octave Mirbeau, who not only persuaded Fasquelle to publish it, but himself contributed a charming and appreciative preface. Its success was immediate and decisive, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Marguerite Audoux woke up to find herself with a European reputation. Her book is not in any ordinary sense a novel; it is her own life up to the time of her coming to Paris, with the addition of two love episodes which, good as they are, are not on a level with the rest. She tells her story very simply, without any sentimental self-pity, with a purity of phrasing and restraint of style which are beyond praise. She describes herself and her life with a detachment and unflinching candour peculiar to the French, and she writes without illusions, but also without any bitterness. There are no *clichés*, no commonplace phrases, and no padding. With infallible instinct she chooses always the simplest word and the right word. She does not have to search laboriously for *le mot juste*; it comes naturally and instinctively. In short, the book is a miracle without a parallel in literature. But it is more than a merely literary achievement. Marguerite Audoux has temperament, perhaps even a touch of genius; but what gives more value to her work than the interest of her personality is the fact that she belongs to the vast multitude of the inarticulate workers. "Marie-Claire" gives us a new point of view. There is all the world of difference between a writer playing at being a shepherd and a shepherd inspired to write. "Marie-Claire" is Millet's "Bergère" come to life. The task of translation in the case of a book of such delicate and limpid grace is more than ordinarily difficult. French prose never translates well into English, and Mr. Raphael, though an able journalist, was hardly an ideal choice. If "Marie-Claire" could have been translated at all, only a poet or another Marguerite Audoux could have done it.

LIFE'S DINING-TABLE.*

Supping one night with the late Edgar Fawcett, an American poet and novelist who, by the way, has never received his due measure of appreciation in England, and listening to his anecdotes of the many English and American celebrities he had met, I inquired:

"Why don't you write your Recollections, Fawcett?" His wistful blue eyes (for he always struck me as in a continual condition of mild and aggrieved surprise at his failure to win greater recognition in this country) rested on mine meditatively for a moment. Then, with that characteristic lisp which sounded so quaintly on the lips of a grey-haired, grey-bearded man, he said softly:

"We draw back our chair so soon from the dining-table of life, that it is scarcely worth while to think of the dishes we have eaten, or even of those we have left untasted."

Fawcett left many dishes untasted, for he died in early middle age, and died something of a pessimist. Mr. Thomas Catling would have us to believe that, to all intents and purposes, he has drawn back his chair from the table, but so long as he continues to write in the glad, grateful, and optimistic strain which characterises his volume of recollections, "My Life's Pilgrimage," his friends and readers must think of him as an honoured guest, still seated with them at the feast. Mr. Catling is, as all the world knows, the ex-editor of the most widely circulated of all our Sunday journals, *Lloyd's News*, and was in the service of the proprietors, first as a boy of fifteen in the composing room, and finally as chief editor, for fifty-three years. His book is thus a history of the rise of *Lloyd's Newspaper* from a circulation of some sixty or seventy thousand to that of more than a million; and is also, in a sense, a history of Fleet Street for the last half-century.

Than Lord Burnham, who contributes an admirable and graceful Introduction, no more appropriate sponsor for Mr. Catling's recollections could be found, for only by a journalist can such a work be adequately prefaced or reviewed. Remembering what was said by a writer, signing himself "E.," in the *National Review*, to the effect that "a journalist is a person who combines universal ignorance with a desire to instruct," I hasten to add that by "only a journalist" I mean no disrespect to a great and honourable profession. A journalist's information on any particular subject may not always be exact or exhaustive, for his chief business is to get "copy," and to keep the public informed upon current events, not to constitute himself a walking encyclopædia. But if twenty men, all of different occupations, started at "scratch" in a race to discover something of which each of them was ignorant, my money would be put upon the journalist, for he generally knows just where to go to find out what he wishes to know. A score of times, in Mr. Catling's absorbing book, he tells us—modestly, but not without pardonable professional pride—of his own astounding feats in nosing out "copy" in the unlikeliest quarter, and in "getting ahead" of every one, not excepting the police, in obtaining the earliest information in regard to a murder, a marriage, or a political crisis.

Having admitted that "only by a journalist" can Mr. Catling's book be adequately reviewed, I ought, perhaps, in justice to my editor, to explain that though I am not a journalist, I was, for twenty years, Mr. Catling's near neighbour in Salisbury Square, where I was working as editor and literary adviser to a great firm of publishers, Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and so I came to know rather more of journalists and journalism than falls to the lot of the ordinary author or reviewer. In this connection, I remember Lord Northcliffe's words when he and I were discussing journalism. "Find me the right man, the born editor, the man with ideas, energy, enterprise, application, and brains, and I'll start a new journal every day in the week. It is Ideas and the Man that are so hard to get."

Mr. Catling is a man of ideas, energy, application, enterprise, and brains. He is a born editor, a born journalist, and no matter on what paper he might have happened to find a place, sooner or later he must inevitably have forged to the front. That his book is more journalism than literature he would be the first to admit. None the less it is more likely to be read and remembered many years hence than much that passes for literature, inasmuch as it is an expert's record of the development of modern journalism. To-day journalism is a giant. In Mr. Catling's 'prentice time, the giant was little more than a lusty youth. Mr. Catling was one of that youth's tutors and trainers, and in his book he has not only rendered a faithful account

* "My Life's Pilgrimage." By Thomas Catling. With an Introduction by Lord Burnham. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

of his tutorship, but has given us much else of extraordinary interest and value. "My Life's Pilgrimage" is in fact a commentary upon the principal happenings of the last fifty or sixty years. It has thus a historical value, other than that of the familiar volumes of recollections dealing chiefly with the writers' own careers and livened by anecdotes of the more or less eminent persons they have met. Not that Mr. Catling's volume is deficient in good stories. On the contrary it is packed with them, for he has known personally many prominent public men of his time, including Irving, Cruikshank, Frank Buckland, Captain Webb, Blondin, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Burnand, Sala, the Broughs, H. J. Byron, Gilbert, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Toole, the Grossmiths, Hollingshead, Dion Boucicault, Andrew Halliday, Augustus Harris, Sir John Gorst, Bancroft, Froude, Kitchener, Harry Pettitt, President Cleveland, Wilson Barrett, Archbishop Benson, William Black, Watts-Dunton, Swinburne and very many others. Moreover, he has travelled widely, and his excellent memory enables him to brighten nearly every page with a characteristic anecdote, a picturesque description, or some item of curious but forgotten information. To read, for instance, that Wellington only once saw Napoleon, and saw him, then, at a distance is somewhat astonishing. Recalling her experiences to Sir Henry Irving (Mr. Catling's informant) the Baroness Burdett Coutts said that she went to a ball at Willis's Rooms with the Duke of Wellington, and asked him to tell her, as Louis Napoleon entered, if the Prince in any way resembled his great uncle. Wellington's reply was that he could scarcely say, as it was only on a single occasion that he saw a little man in a grey cloak, riding at a distance, and was told that the little man was Bonaparte. Against one passage in Mr. Catling's book I venture to place a note of interrogation. On page 202, speaking of serials, he says: "Kipling's story, 'The Light that Failed,' was offered for a hundred pounds, and I agreed to accept it. The Americans who held the copyright, however, failed to agree as to date of publication, and ultimately the British serial rights were abandoned."

The facts are that "The Light that Failed" was written for *Lippincott's*, an American monthly magazine of which, as Mr. Catling has perhaps forgotten, a special English edition was published in this country by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, as that firm was then called. This edition was, in the main, similar to the American issue, except that certain articles, too markedly American in interest, were omitted—their place being taken by articles written here, in England, by English writers. Different, however, in some respects, as were the American and English editions of *Lippincott*, Mr. Kipling's great novel appeared in both, so Mr. Catling is hardly correct in saying that "the British serial rights of 'The Light that Failed' were abandoned"—presuming, that is, that by "serial rights" he means publication in a magazine. I speak with some knowledge, as I was at that time assistant editor of the English edition of the magazine and well remember asking Mr. James Bowden, then the managing director of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, but now the Lay Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, how many copies of the issue of *Lippincott's* containing "The Light that Failed" he proposed to put upon the market.

"Fifteen thousand," was the reply.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Fifteen thousand of a magazine containing Kipling's first long novel—and to be bought complete, magazine and all, for a shilling! If you can't sell a hundred thousand, we had better give up issuing *Lippincott's* over here!"

Mr. Bowden, one of the ablest and most honourable, but also one of the most cautious of men, thereupon increased the number to thirty thousand, playfully warning me that if they "stuck," I should hear more of it. In passing I may say that all I did hear of it was that something like a hundred thousand copies of the issue of *Lippincott's* containing Mr. Kipling's novel were promptly called for, and that the demand did not end there.

In all "My Life's Pilgrimage" there is only one passage which I regret; and that is a reference to a divorce case in the 'seventies, in which a famous Nonconformist minister was concerned (I omit the name purposely). That Nonconformist minister has now passed beyond reach of human judgment, but his brother (also a Nonconformist minister) is alive—a fact of which Mr. Catling was no doubt unaware, or he would not, I think, have expressed himself so severely in regard to a case on which opinions were very much divided. In such matters we do well to remember Ian Maclaren's words: "Be pitiful, for every one is fighting a hard battle." That, in fact, is the spirit in which Mr. Catling's book is written: he tells us frankly of the bitterness of his early struggles, but those struggles and that bitterness have softened, not soured him; and even when speaking of men he dislikes, of men who failed him, and abused his trust, or of those journalistic derelicts who drift up and down Fleet Street (we all know them), in and out of newspaper offices and of taverns, to sponge and to soak—he has nothing but pity and tenderness at the thought of wasted lives and ruined careers. That he has always been ready with practical help for the unfortunate, all Fleet Street knows, and, to my personal knowledge, he has given many a generous "lift" to a struggling journalist or author. Singularly courteous as an editor, genial as a man, loyal as a friend, just, high-minded, and born with the gift for good-fellowship and camaraderie by which his brother-members of the Savage Club set such store—it is small matter for surprise that there is no better-known or better-loved personality in journalism than he. Reading his book, or meeting him in the flesh, none of us can think of him as drawing back his chair from the dining-table. Except for the evidence it bears of his vast experience and wide knowledge, his "Pilgrimage" might be the work of some young and hopeful man, for there is no croaking, no dismal comparison of the present with the past. His outlook on life at seventy-two reminds one not a little of a passage in a letter by R. L. Stevenson. Realising that the end was near, protesting that "literally no man has more wholly outlived life than I," Stevenson adds, with the indomitable courage, the incorrigible humour, that were his to the last, "and still it's good fun!"

That life holds many years of "good fun" for "Catling of *Lloyd's*" is the hope and belief of innumerable friends and readers.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

SUBJECTIVE CRITICISM.*

An author hazards his reputation when he reprints fugitive articles contributed, often at short notice, to a daily paper. He is expected to discuss the latest speech or the newest book, and he writes in all the heat of a first impression. Long before he can revise his first impression, his article has been written and probably forgotten. A critic must be singularly well equipped and well balanced in his attitude to life and letters who can stand the ordeal of having his fugitive pieces imprisoned in a formal volume. That no living critic is better equipped than M. Anatole France scarcely needs to be said; and no apology is needed for republishing some of the reviews and studies which he contributed to the *Temps*. But the reader must not look for a consistent body of criticism, a second "Causeries de Lundi." M. France has no system. He writes what the mood of the moment suggests. His whole philo-

* "On Life and Letters." By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans. First Series. 6s. (John Lane.)

sophy of criticism is crystallised in a single sentence in the charming and whimsical preface: "The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces." Not only is M. France confessedly a subjective critic, but he even denies the possibility of objective criticism. "Objective criticism," he writes in the preface, "has no more existence than has objective art, and all those who deceive themselves in the belief that they put anything but their own personalities into their work are dupes of the most fallacious of illusions." The objective critic might reply that the argument is inconclusive, and that making all allowance for the personal equation there is still room for principles of criticism independent of personal prejudices. Indeed, without some objective canons how is it possible to say what is a masterpiece? But M. France rejects such a theory entirely. In his view the critic, to be quite frank, ought to say, "Gentlemen, I am going to speak about myself *apropos* of Shakespeare, *apropos* of Racine, or of Pascal or of Goethe. The occasion at least is excellent enough." As a theory of criticism this statement is open to many objections, but as an account of M. France's own practice as a critic, it is frank and complete.

These delightful little studies snatched from forgotten pages of the *Temps* are veritable adventures of the soul, not always among masterpieces, but usually among books. M. France speaks of himself *apropos* of subjects as diverse as Mounet Sully in "Hamlet," Maupassant, Prince Bismarck, or Bourget's "Mensonges," and he records his impressions with a candour and simplicity, one might almost say with a humility, only possible to the philosopher and the scholar. The essays and reviews collected in this volume were written in the late 'eighties and range over a wide field. Among those of purely literary interest is a brilliant study of Maupassant in which M. France displays an amazing knowledge of the development of the *contes* and *fabliaux* in mediæval French literature. The essay on three poets, Sully-Prudhomme, Coppée, and Frédéric Plessis, reveals him as a keen and sympathetic student of modern poetry. In "La Terre" he demolishes Zola's claims to the title of realist in a few pages of criticism at once trenchant and penetrating. In a review of Bourget's "Mensonges" M. France shows himself a match even for M. Bourget in psychological analysis. "On Mad Folks in Literature" is a charming bit of reminiscence. In fact, there is a temptation to give some special mention to almost every study, all are so attractive. M. France is bookish and would be the first to confess it. No one indeed is more alive than he to the dangers of bookishness. He must not be taken too literally, yet beneath the playfulness there is a serious meaning when he writes: "Those who read much are like hasheesh-eaters. They live in a dream. The subtle poison which penetrates their brains renders them insensible to the real world. . . . Books are the opium of the West. They devour us." Anatole France has never become insensible to the real world, but he, if any one, may claim to belong to the dream-world of books, and as a guide to that enchanted land he has no superior among living writers.

SEVEN AT RANDOM.

One who looks into the mirror of contemporary fiction gazes at first into a darkened glass. The travail of new ideas is abroad; their images as reflected in the novels of the day are often hard to discern, their incessant emergence giving the unsteady, flickering effect of pictures shown by a cinematograph.

Readers desiring the honeyed cake of sentiment, and chancing upon the subtly flavoured product of Mr. Oliver Onions's imagination, "Widdershins," * will either be nonplussed, mystified, or frightened. His latest work is a symptom of the fascination exercised by the occult, and an example of the growing tendency of writers to exploit the artistic temperament.

Mr. Onions achieves a triumph in the genre of the supernatural. According to a prefatory note, the title means "contrary to the course of the sun," a definition that in itself suggests a reversal of the customary, an overthrow of the usual. The scene of the best and longest story in the book, "The Beckoning Fair One," is laid in an uninhabited house, a portion of which is furnished by Oleron, a novelist. The past taps him on the shoulder almost as soon as he crosses the threshold, and the time-tinged structure starts into life. His well-tried comrade, Elsie Benbough, a journalist of practical views, and the prototype of Romilly, the heroine in Oleron's unfinished novel, is a frequent visitor. Subtly as night seizes a landscape, the spirit of the haunted house descends on Oleron, changing him in all his relations to objective life, and shifting his allegiance from Elsie to "the beckoning fair one." It would not be fair to Mr. Onions to tell the part played by the shadow. The story is told with extreme artistry, the author unfolding a creeping horror that some readers may think would be better left unexpressed. Fellow craftsmen who appreciate literature, and detest pot-boiling printed matter, will relish the latest expression of Mr. Onions's talent in its several manifestations. In addition to "The Beckoning Fair One" eight other stories are contained in his new book.

To a limited and partial degree, the reader savours some of the atmosphere of occultism in "A Woman on the Threshold," † by Maude Little, who is also superlatively concerned with the artistic temperament. The pleasant anticipations aroused by her previous novel, "At the Sign of the Burning Bush," are here fulfilled in good measure, even in too good measure from the point of view of construction, for Miss Little has hardly yet mastered the selective art that discards the good for the best material, and builds a shapely whole out of the economised product.

Intelligent readers will find abiding satisfaction in "A Woman on the Threshold." Fundamental brain-work went to its making, and the whole story is informed by courageous sincerity and profound knowledge of human nature, especially of the artistic type. How the knell of Dosey Haining's literary ambition is rung by a peal of marriage bells, how Linty Lymbourne, an extraordinary house-painter, becomes a fascinating exponent of the artistic temperament, and, above all, how Dosey's son, Lorrin, fulfils in almost every particular the actions fore-ordained by his mother for the hero of her unwritten novel, are the main strands in the warp and weft of a strong and individual story, that is strengthened with powerfully executed subsidiary characters, moving in a well-rendered atmosphere.

In yet another example of the latest fiction, "Odd Come Shorts," ‡ by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, we are, in the opening story, "A Woman with a Future," in the company of a literary man, an historian. The assured art of the accomplished craftswoman once more reveals the paradox of how to be poor on a thousand a year, thanks to Hesperia, the extravagant fool Philip, whom Hesperia marries, and her mother, Mrs. Madison, who have moved in the nondescript society of foreign hotels which Mrs. Sidgwick treats so ably. Among the other stories in this volume some sketches entitled "The Opinions of Angela" are altogether delightful. A slightly more emotional handling of character would enhance the appeal of the book.

* "Widdershins." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

† "A Woman on the Threshold." By Maude Little. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

‡ "Odd Come Shorts." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

In Miss Marjorie Bowen's new novel, "Defender of the Faith," * we step into the atmosphere of quick and robust action—the austerely told story of William of Orange, who is presented as a fine figure of a man. Nobly does he shine beside the intriguing purposes of Charles II. and the French king's spies. Miss Bowen appears to have conquered the tendency to melodrama which artistically marred her earlier work. With commendable restraint she packs into her very clever plot not only the European struggle in which the Netherlands played such a gallant part, but plentiful incident connected with Mary Stuart, courtiers, and foreign and English intriguers. The incidents are tightly knit into a narrative of unflagging interest, and the scene in which William of Orange succeeds in converting Mynheer Cornelius de Witt from a lifelong enemy into a staunch friend will thrill even the most jaded novel-reader.

Dolf Wyllarde has achieved the difficult feat of writing a successful sporting novel, "The Riding Master," † in which the romantic interest is strong. People who love horses more than books will be lured by this book into the unfamiliar pleasure of reading, while ordinary library subscribers may do worse than make the acquaintance of the imperturbable riding master. Some of his pupils and their associates are not worth knowing, but Mrs. Devereux is distinctly interesting. Her struggle to retain the affection of her husband and her friendship with Major Vane-Hurst belong to real life, but the South African adventuress is not drawn with sufficient subtlety to convince one of her reality. Although a fair amount of "pitch" is handled, no one should be a bit the worse for it, as the dice are loaded on the side of virtue. Amusement is provided by an "enfant terrible," Lady Sweetie Beauman, and the other children are drawn with far more than the average ability.

Adventure finds two spirited exponents in Mr. Anthony Partridge and Mr. John Ironside. A hunchback, a singing girl, a monkey, and their barrel organ form the central figures in Mr. Partridge's story, "Passers-By." ‡ The plot is one of exceptional ingenuity, and the incidents are often thrilling, though the treatment is rather theatrical in places. "The Red Symbol," § if it is the work of a new writer, reveals capacity for the field in which Mr. William Le Queux won his literary spurs. Much of the action passes in Russia. Mr. Ironside realises for us a series of breathless adventures among Russian revolutionaries with infectious vigour, forcing us to admire the resourceful Maurice Wynn, and the way in which he tackles the mystery that enshrouds the girl who became his wife.

Some reflections come as the fruit of the pleasant hours spent with these seven novels chosen at random from among the bewildering output of modern fiction. Novelists who take their calling seriously, in and above their impulse to tell a good story, appear to be realising their function as social historians of the twentieth century. The hypotheses or truths of spiritualism and advanced science, the activity of food reformers, the upward struggle of new ideals in womanhood, the fads and follies of the hour are finding adequate treatment. Ready-made romantic properties are disappearing in favour of copy procured at first-hand from the outside world of the past or present day, or the hearts of the writers themselves.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

* "Defender of the Faith." By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Methuen.)

† "The Riding Master." By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

‡ "Passers-By." By Anthony Partridge. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

§ "The Red Symbol." By John Ironside. 2s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.*

It is now sixteen years since Edinburgh became the poorer by the loss of the remarkable personality of John Stuart Blackie, the last survivor of the golden age of Scottish letters. That Blackie himself will be remembered for any of his writings is exceedingly improbable, but to Scotsmen of the later Victorian days he stood as the representative of an older tradition that seemed to reach back to the age of Jeffrey and Lockhart. "German in training, Greek in spirit, and cosmopolitan in sympathy . . . ever a perfervid advocate for the land of his birth," is the present editor's admirable synopsis of this many-sided character. But no account of Blackie is complete that does not lay stress on his invincible energy and on the streak of eccentricity that made his character known throughout the length and breadth of his native land. The value of his work as a teacher cannot of necessity be appraised. That he trained any number of exact scholars is more than doubtful. But there is no doubt at all that on several generations of ardent youth he exercised a beneficent and magnetic influence, and was a passionate lover of the beautiful in literature, a zealous patriot, a fearless and tireless champion of what he took to be the right.

Shortly after his death there appeared an admirable memoir by Miss Anna Stoddart. This was supplemented last year by a collection of his "Letters to his Wife." The materials in the present volume represent the greater portion of Blackie's uncompleted autobiography. That they were drawn upon for the memoir does not detract from their value or render their publication superfluous, for they are full of interesting pictures and impressions reflecting a career of very unusual distinction and opportunity. There is nothing in the book better than the interesting reflections on his boyhood:

> "In after years I never could understand why people talked of their infancy in such sentimental terms. My boyish years, on review, I consider to have been pleasant enough on the whole, but rather empty and stupid. I do not mean that I found them empty at the time. I only know certainly now that they were very empty as compared with the wealth of incident and the intensity of enjoyment that belong to my manly years. I might wish to retain for ever the mixed elements of youth and manhood that belong to middle age—to the season between twenty and forty—but I never could seriously desire to have been eternally a boy. A boy is a fruitful thing for a thoughtful spectator to contemplate, but a somewhat barren and very imperfect thing to be."

On his return from his extensive travels on the Continent Blackie met many notabilities in London. Of his father's cousin, Lockhart, he says he came of

> "a remarkable handsome set of people, mostly clever, but not always wise. . . . I saw him several times at Melrose and in Edinburgh, and admired his handsome face, though I thought his fingers too fine for a male. But deeper I never entered into his nature, for he seemed cold and distant when I dined with him in London, and never gave me any encouragement to come within tongue-shot of him."

Another interesting note runs:

> "Of my visit to Coleridge, living then at Highgate, . . . I remember only two things: (1) that he was an old, infirm, downbent man; (2) that he told me he had thrown overboard all speculative philosophy, finding perfect satisfaction in the first chapter of the Gospel of John."

These extracts are sufficient to give some idea of Blackie's brief but penetrating method of characterisation, which ranges over a large number of celebrities in the worlds of Church and State and literature and education. The volumes includes some typical specimens of Blackie's verse; and it is to be remembered that his place in the Scottish

* "Notes of a Life." By John Stuart Blackie. Edited by his nephew, A. Stodart Walker. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

anthologies is secure. His love of Scots songs was one of his ruling passions. The last occasion on which the present writer saw the Professor was on board the boat at the old railway-ferry at Burntisland. He was then striding up and down the deck and lustily singing "Kelvin Grove," beating time with his famous "runt." His name is written large in the official Song-Book of the Scottish students, and there is no kind of immortality, we believe, that Blackie would have desired more than this.

PICTURES FROM EGYPT.*

This is the fourth book Mr. Douglas Sladen has written about Egypt, but, as he rightly says in his preface, the subject is inexhaustible, and he has easily found interesting matter enough to fill this large and handsome volume about Cairo alone. Professor Lane-Poole, in "The Story of Cairo," has dealt ably and exhaustively with the history of that city, but there was room for a book that should describe the topography of Cairo and "conduct the reader round the sights of the native city and the innumerable monuments of mediæval Arab architecture which were in existence in Cairo when it supplied the local colour for the 'Arabian Nights,' and still exist," and this is the book that Mr. Sladen has written.

He has done his work thoroughly and well. Following his preface are minute directions for a drive round Cairo, divided into fifty-six sections, in which he sets out the sights that are to be seen at each stage of the journey; in the two parts of his book he deals with the city itself, and with the country and the life of the country round about it; and in some useful appendices he supplies practical information as to the best ways of getting to Egypt, the expenses of the journey and cost of living there, gives a special list for the guidance of artists in search of subjects for painting, reprints Mr. Roosevelt's famous Guildhall speech and Mr. Lane-Poole's chronological table of the rulers and monuments of mediæval Cairo.

But though "Oriental Cairo" is an invaluable guide-book, it is not written like one. Mr. Sladen has a sense of humour as well as an eye for the picturesque, a narrative gift and a keen interest always in the human side of things, as well as a skill in cataloguing topographical and architectural details. His pictures of street life and of the daily employments and home lives of the people are admirable, and not less so are his chapters on the amusements of the Arabs, their religion, and his vividly realised descriptions of the mosques and the Coptic churches of Old Cairo. In a word, he gives you in these pages a many-coloured panoramic view of Cairo as it is to-day, with such information about its past as may serve to explain its present, and an alert and sympathetic study of the outlook, manners, and quaint or romantic customs of the native population.

It is all the genial, gossipy chronicle of a shrewd, understanding observer who went about the streets, the markets, bazars, hotels, mosques, shops, and gardens with a camera, seeing things for himself, making acquaintance and chatting with all sorts and conditions of men, and, with a good, insatiable curiosity, learning more of their ways of living and thinking than can be picked up by the casual passer-by. As a result you have nearly four hundred pages of information and entertaining reading illustrated with over sixty excellent photographs and a map of Cairo.

* "Oriental Cairo." By Douglas Sladen. 21s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE SECRET CHRYSANTHEMUM.*

The arrival of books from Tokyo, Japanese in everything but language, is becoming quite a common occurence. But while, hitherto, such immigrants have been, for the most part, merely ornamental, the latest arrival, though

* "The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." Edited by Elizabeth Bisland. 12s. net. (Constable.)—"Home Life in Tokyo." By Jukichi Inouye. (Tokyo.)

The Heart of Cairo.

The old gate called the Bab-es-Zuweyla, which has the minarets of the El-Moayyad mosque on its towers. In front is the street called the Sharia Darb-el-Ahmar.

From "Oriental Cairo," by Douglas Sladen. (Hurst & Blackett.)

not without that Japanese characteristic, has also its utilitarian side. It is an attempt—and a most successful attempt—to give us occidentals an authentic, that is to say a Japanese, account of daily life in Tokyo, which city has been selected as at once important and representative. As Mr. Inouye says:

"I felt that it would add materially to clearness and simplicity if I localised my observations; and it was only natural that Tokyo, the capital, should be selected for the purpose."

It is in such immaculate and idiomatic English as this that Mr. Inouye describes the life of his countrymen, from birth to death, their comings and goings, their business and their pleasure, the houses they live in and the food they eat; the whole being illustrated with a multitude of delightful and instructive drawings. The thing has been done before, but, as the author says, by Europeans or Americans who "naturally look at Japanese life and civilisation from an occidental point of view." And it is becoming a platitude to say that the West will never understand the East; so that, however one may regret the occidentalisation of Japan that such a performance implies, Mr. Inouye's book is of real value.

Of all Westerns who have grasped in large or little measure the meaning of Japan, none ever got nearer the heart of the mystery than Lafcadio Hearn. He went to the country after experience of many lands, and with the traditions of many races in his blood. He lived among the Japs—shunning like poison all that was Europeanised—and chose a wife from among them. Thus by inheritance and acquisition he had material for comparative if not positive knowledge; to which were added the artist's insight and the strong desire to understand and to love with which he was equipped from the first. Yet even he, in the end, had to confess himself disappointed. He could not know Japan, and his love, which he had been so ready to lavish on the race, must be reserved for a few individuals.

The "Life and Letters," which a few years ago came as such a fascinating revelation of Hearn's personality, contained a considerable number of letters written from Japan. This new collection, which is contained in one volume equal in length to either of the earlier two, consists of nothing else. The great bulk of it is formed by letters to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, dating from Hearn's arrival early in 1890 to November, 1894. To these are added a few written to another friend, W. B. Mason, in 1892, and some charming notes to his wife which belong to the summer of 1904. These last entirely corroborate Miss Bisland's vindication of Hearn's private life against the malicious attacks which have so wantonly been made on it.

It will be observed that the letters to Professor Chamberlain and Mr. Mason belong exclusively to Hearn's earlier years in Japan. Yet one has not read very far before the note of disillusion is heard. With Izumo, where he lived first, he was delighted; but at Kumamoto, where he taught in the Government school, the spell was gradually broken. In May, 1894, he wrote to Chamberlain:

"To-day I spent an hour in reading over part of the notes taken on my first arrival, and during the first six months of 1890. Result, I asked myself: 'How came you to go mad?—absolutely mad?' It was the same kind of madness as the first love of a boy.

"I find I described horrible places as gardens of paradise, and horrid people as angels and divinities. How happy I must have been without knowing it! There are all my illusions facing me,—on faded yellow paper. I feel my face tingle as I study some of them. Happily I had the judgment not to print many lines from them. . . . Perhaps I was right in one way. For that moment Japan was really for *me* what I thought it. . . . Perhaps the man who comes to Japan full of hate for all things Oriental may get nearer to the truth at once—though, of course, he will also make a kindred mistake."

This, of course, is an extreme mood, but it is indicative. It implies something more than the European artist's hatred of occidentalisation. Hearn kept his original love for all that was left of the old Japan, but he got little return for the sympathy which he brought with both hands. One gets the impression that even in his adopted family, loved and honoured as he was, he remained an alien. There was mutual respect, but no fusion. He began to long for more kindred company. He dreamed of holidays, not in Europe, but in the Spanish tropics. A visit to the open ports, of which he had at first been so scornful, filled him with joy.

"Another day, and I was in touch with England again. How small suddenly my little Japan became!—how lonesome! What a joy to feel the West! What a great thing is the West! What new appreciations of it are born of isolation!"

These letters do not destroy the notion that Hearn knew Japan better than any other European had known it; but they do emphasise the impassability of the gulf between East and West. Each has its own standards and ideals, by which each must work out its own salvation. Miss Bisland has done her work of editing as excellently as ever. If there is any criticism to offer it is that a short glossary of Japanese words would have been useful; and it might be pointed out that the undated letter from Hearn to his wife, which has been placed last, should obviously follow the first in the series.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A SCOTT YEAR.

The year just ended affords striking proof of the popularity of Sir Walter Scott. There is no need to say he is on the wane, for the signs are all in the opposite direction. At home and abroad, in Britain and America, he is as much read as ever. Take these testimonies from two leading librarians in both countries: First, we have Mr. G. M. Fraser, of the Aberdeen Public Library, writing to a popular monthly a short time ago: "I had the curiosity to look into our issues of the classic novelists, and some of the results may be instructive. We have from six to ten copies each of Scott's novels, and taking them altogether, we have issued Scott's romances 1,288 times in the last six months, an average of fully 49 issues of each novel. The most frequently issued was 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' 73 issues. After it came 'Guy Mannering,' 68 issues; 'Rob Roy,' 52 issues; 'Ivanhoe,' 52 issues; 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' 52 issues; 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 48 issues, and so on." Then Mr. Thomson, of the great Free Library of Philadelphia (a true Scott lover), assures us that the Waverley Romances, by a long way, head the demand for fiction on his side of the Atlantic. He thinks that "all over America Scott is the most widely read of fiction-makers." It is pleasant, too, to notice the popularity of Sir Walter as a school classic. The Poems, to be sure, were ever pre-eminent in this respect, but it is the turn of the Novels to-day. Apart, however, from the Wizard's own marvellous output, think of the world of literature which has grown up around Scott and his work. In the history of British Letters what a power the three names—Shakespeare, Scott, and Burns—have been! Outside the Bible itself, it is doubtful if any other set of writings has evolved so much honest criticism or such wealth of kindly companionship and praise. And it is a growing literature. Year after year something is added to the pile. Not, indeed, that much is added to our knowledge of the men themselves, for that is hardly an easy matter nowadays. But there is the new setting, the fresh presentation of old facts, and the glamour which somebody else, drinking at the well-head, may be able to throw around fond scenes and memories. Hence the welcome which one gives, and ought to give, despite an already goodly supply, to such disquisitions on Scott and Burns as their enthusiasts are willing to make to us. For of those two Mighties it is plain that the reading public never tires—they have so much in common with humanity that their hold on the heart of the generations is nowise slackened.

Now 1910 was emphatically a Scott year. Was it Mrs. MacCunn's "Sir Walter Scott's Friends" that paved the way? There is the genuine ring about Mrs. MacCunn's pages. *She* is a Scott enthusiast who has described the happy circles at Edinburgh and at Abbotsford with a winsomeness of imagination and diction that have been rarely surpassed. "The Skene Papers" added somewhat to our stock of Waverley lore. James Skene was one of Scott's dearest confidants, whose Diary carries into the nooks and crannies of Scott's being.

Following these volumes, both of which were noticed in THE BOOKMAN at the time, there must now be mentioned several others which go to make up the Scott year. "Sir Walter Scott Studied in Eight Novels" * is apparently a reissue, under a new title, of the author's "Philosophy of the Waverley Novels," published thirty-one years since. There is, however, nothing new in the book. A resumé of eight typical novels, with a more or less dispassionate analysis of their principal characters, are the main features of the work. There are certainly too many quotations. Still, it is good reading, and Scott students will not quarrel with the writer's idiosyncrasies. "A Dictionary of the Waverley Novels" † was scarcely a desideratum. One of the best compilations of the kind was Dr. Cornish's "Waverley Manual" (1871); and May Rogers's "Waverley Dictionary," published at Chicago in 1879, must be accessible in many libraries. Both of these are to be preferred to the present production, which follows a simple alphabetical arrangement instead of treating of the novels *seriatim*—a more business-like method. There is no attempt to identify particular Originals. The book is just what it professes to be—a mere Dictionary. From a popular point of view one of the best Scott books of the year was Mr. David Douglas's one-volume edition of the "Journal," ‡ a really wonderful six-shillings' worth. First published in 1890, in two volumes, at thirty shillings, here it is, twenty years afterwards, extending to well-nigh a thousand pages, most beautifully printed, most strongly bound, for one-fifth of the original price. It is the cheapest Scott book of recent years. We can hardly know Scott until we have mastered his "Journal." Lockhart, to be sure, utilised considerable portions of it, but just enough to whet one's appetite. There is as fine and as tender writing here as in anything Scott ever gave us. In the "Journal" we see the man at his best, when the worst things befell him, when he wore his sorrow's crown of sorrow, when to the end the fight was keen and resolute as Wellington's at Waterloo. He who reads Scott's "Journal"—now so accessible to the multitude, thanks to the publisher-editor's public-spiritedness (monetary gain must be a minor consideration in this instance)—will have his conceptions of Scott strangely heightened and ennobled. The softer touches are felt throughout these pages. We are peering into some of the truly sacred things of Scott's life, and if we are not welded closer to that heroic heart of his, then must our own hearts be hard and impenetrable enough.

The chief event of the Scott year was the controversy (somewhat prolonged) between Colonel Fitzwilliam Elliot, on the one hand, and the redoubted Mr. Andrew Lang on the other. Colonel Elliot § has written a couple of volumes to prove, or to make an attempt at proving, that Scott practically forged some of the better-known Border ballads, passing them off for genuine specimens of the

> "songs to savage virtue dear
> Which won of yore the public ear,
> Ere polity, sedate and sage,
> Had quenched the fires of feudal rage."

"Auld Maitland," for example, and "Jamie Telfer" are affirmed to be purely modern compositions. Scott is said to have penned large portions of "Otterburne," and the whole of "Kinmont Willie" is declared to be his own. Now these are very grave charges. Mr. Lang maintains * that Scott did none of the things attributed to him, but that he "edited" the ballads got from oral tradition in an honest and open manner, though not in the way that a modern editor would do. There is something to be said for both sides, but Colonel Elliot is much too extreme in the presentation of his case. In some respects his arguments look convincing enough, at other times they fall to pieces. It is unlikely, to say the least, that Scott would deliberately demean himself by practising deceit in the matter. We are aware that he did prevaricate on occasion. He denied the authorship of the Novels, for instance. But the compilation of the "Minstrelsy" was a very different affair. That was actually a collaboration, and it is difficult to see how Scott could deceive men so skilled in ballad discrimination as Leyden, and Ellis, and Ritson, and Skene, and Laidlaw. He was himself imposed upon by Surtees, it is true, but there is no reason, neither is there evidence for assuming that Scott, in his turn, perpetrated a three or four-folded fraud upon a trustful public. It cannot be denied that Scott "edited" many of the ballads, and mayhap the ballads in dispute. He probably added necessary and glaringly missing stanzas, for one thing. He may have been obliged to "tinker" some of the intolerable expressions used by those old rhymesters. And in the case of varying versions he would set himself to create a "standard text." That is likely all that he did. The "Minstrelsy" contains specimens of his own workmanship: "Thomas the Rhymer," "The Eve of St. John," and an edition of "The Dowie Dens," but each is greatly different in form and style from those ballads that stand in Colonel Elliot's pillory. Mr. Lang has scored in his defence of Scott. No man knows the ballads of the Border better than Mr. Lang. And has he not seen at Abbotsford the very original manuscript of "Auld Maitland," as it came direct from Hogg's hand, who took it down from recitations, and do we not know now that Scott printed it with the very minimum of emendations? That of itself should be sufficient to put an end to further bickering on the subject.

Mrs. MacGregor's Life of Scott † for young people is a pleasantly written account of the Wizard, and should prepare the way for the study of Lockhart in due season. There were no new uniform editions of the Novels in 1910, but the present year will see at least one fresh venture in this direction.

The Country of Scott—the Scottish Border—is of thrilling interest to every lover of the name of Scott. The Border has been rather lacking in purely historic literature. Ridpath's folio "History" has been long out of print. Sir George Douglas's exceedingly able monograph alone holds the field, for one fears that Mr. Hindes Groome's "Short History" is almost forgotten. There is, to be sure, Dr. Borland's bracing "Border Raids," ‡ of which a handsome new edition was issued last year, and Mr. Craig-Brown's "Selkirkshire," as well as the work of other county historians. But 1910 gave us Mrs. Jean Lang's "Land of Romance," § the most delightful volume the Border has welcomed for many a day—a feast of fat things to that multitude for whom the associations of the Tweed and the Leader, the Yarrow and the Teviot, are the sweetest upon earth. The Border is haunted ground,

* "Sir Walter Scott Studied in Eight Novels." By Hon. A. S. G. Canning. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)
† "A Dictionary of the Waverley Novels." By M. F. A. Husband, B.A. 8s. 6d. (Routledge.)
‡ "Sir Walter Scott's Journal." Edited by David Douglas. 6s. (David Douglas.)
§ "Further Essays on Border Ballads." By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Fitzwilliam Elliot. 3s. 6d. (Andrew Elliot.)

* "Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy." By Andrew Lang. 5s. (Longmans.)
† "Scott for Boys and Girls." By Mary MacGregor. 1s. (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.)
‡ "Border Raids and Reivers." By R. Borland, D.D. 5s. (Dalbeattie: Fraser.)
§ "A Land of Romance." By Jean Lang. 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh: Jack.)

every foot of it. And here, in these so fascinating chapters we may read the record of its thousand years of romance, and struggle, and song. Of the Romans and the Reivers of the Border, of its Saints, and its Stalwarts on many a well-fought field, of its Monks and Minstrels, of Queen Mary's passionate pilgrimages over its wastes, and the tramping of "Chairlie's" Highlanders along its valleys, down to the advent of Sir Walter (best patron-saint of all), Mrs. Lang's word-pictures are perfect gems. We cannot praise her work too highly. Ah, it is largely because this fair and storied land is Scott's own, that this book is as it is! It is *his* charm which has lent inspiration to a noble piece of writing.

"Here, in the heart of your own country, among your own grey, round-shouldered hills, it is of you and of your works that a native of the Forest is most frequently brought in mind. All the spirits of the river and the hill, all the dying refrains of ballad and the fading echoes of story, all the memory of the wild past, each legend of burn and loch, seem to have combined to inform your spirit, and to secure themselves an immortal life in your song. It is through you that we remember them, and in recalling them, as in treading each hillside in this land, we again remember you and bless you."

We look for a moment at the Scott poetry of 1910. Since "J. B. Selkirk" left us, Will Ogilvie * has become the representative bard of the Border Country. He has the true Scott heart, the true Scott fire. Long may his verses rattle in their ranks. Take this from "Dryburgh":

"He hath woven the wonderful threads of Life
From cradle to bier in a cloth of gold;
He hath crossed on the spears of Border strife
And the hands of the Highland lords of old;
And every word is a jewel to hold,
While a nerve shall thrill or a sword shall thrust,
Till the last of the fairy tales be told,
And the mouldering Dryburgh stones be dust."

There are blithesome snatches in Sir George's little book,† —nothing prettier than this in "The Lambing Fold":

"Books and the world have taught me long,
But your true heart has taught you more—
Patience, wise tolerance of wrong,
And—worth all Newton's, Bacon's lore—
Your upward-looking life endued
With single-minded rectitude;
Whilst, from the care of helpless things,
That plead, and wander, and caress,
And can no more—from this, there springs
Almost a mother's tenderness,
Implanted in a stoic breast
To temper and subdue the rest.
Then, Shepherd, grant me this, I pray—
To be your house-mate here to-day."

The author of "The Borderland"‡ is a discovery of T. P. O'Connor, in whose *Weekly* the verses which give the volume its title first made their appearance. Originally a city man, Mr. Quin has caught, as he could hardly have failed to do—living now under the shadow of the Eildons, ever within hearing of the music of the Tweed—that spell of the Border, that spirit of Poesy, that breath of old Romance which long ago laid hold of the "little lamiter" Walter Scott dreaming amongst the crags of Sandyknowe.

W. S. CROCKETT.

TWO SORTS OF SCHOOL.

In spite of scoffers, there is a good deal yet in the public-school tradition. So at least Mr. Coke thinks, and so he makes us believe.§ Here is his hero, Dick Hunter, the typical public-school boy of the best type; not perhaps very brainy, but at least a hard worker, excelling at games, honest and straightforward, perhaps a little unbending towards his "inferiors"—in fact, just the sort of boy who is best summed up in the adjective "sound." He is the normal type of public-school "blood," perfectly happy in everything that he does, but without much depth to his character: he has not yet found himself. Upon Dick Hunter swoops Mr. Coke in the disguise of a designing Providence. His hero has been happy; he shall be happy no longer: a man *in posse*, he shall be one *in esse*. Something must be done to develop his character. And so Hunter's father is ruined for a little while—the convenient length of the Easter holidays and the summer term. Dick must be taken away from Sherborough—but here the head-master intervenes. "Wilson's" is about to be converted into a big house, and Wilson is looking out for a big boy who shall guide the erring few at present under his care along the paths that they should tread. He will take Dick for nothing. This would be all very well, were it not that Wilson's is such a pathetically bad house. The master is all right, but his boys are all wrong. They don't work, they don't try to play games, they do nothing (which is the worst crime in the schoolboy calendar). It is a splendid opportunity for the prospective Head Boy to show what he is made of; and incidentally it is a splendid opportunity for Wilson's to show what it is made of. Of course Dick Hunter takes the job in hand, and succeeds (although several times he was within an ace of failure), and of course the book ends exactly as it should. Nobody needs to be told that, good reading though it all makes. But the interesting points about "Wilson's" are the methods by means of which the hero carries his task to a successful end, and the gradual development of the boy's own character. Here Mr. Coke shows once more how thoroughly he understands public schools and the ideals of the public-school boy. With a subject which in the hands of the unskilled might prove decidedly a dull one, he has made a success which calls to mind the brilliant "Bending of a Twig" which the author has already given us. "Wilson's" can have no higher praise.

Mr. Walpole believes in tradition too—perhaps not to the same extent as Mr. Coke, but still he is a believer. He has given us a school story of an entirely novel kind.* Impressive, sombrely true, nobody will read "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" for the amusement of an idle half-hour; but it is devoutly to be hoped that it will not be for that reason neglected, for it is a fine book. Moffat's, the lonely school in Cornwall to which Mr. Walpole introduces us, is not a first-class public school. It has had no history to speak of; it is only a dreary place of education for the sons of gentlemen, or would-be gentlemen. It aspires, but there is nothing behind it. It is wretchedly badly governed, miserably understaffed. Mr. Walpole concerns himself little with the boys who have what can only be regarded as the misfortune to be there. The masters, fifteen or so of them, have supplied the author with his drama. The position is admirably summed up by the eccentric Birkland, himself a master at Moffat's:

"Mind you—what I'm saying doesn't apply to the first-class public school. That's a different kind of thing altogether. I'm talking about places like Moffat's—places that are trying to be what they are not—to do what they can't do, to get higher than they can reach. There are thousands of them all over the country, places where the men are underpaid, with no prospects, herded together, all of them hating each other, wanting, perhaps, towards the end of term, to cut each other's throats. . . . Do you suppose that I meant to stay here for ever when I came? But one postpones moving. Another term will be better, or you try for a thing, fail, and get discouraged . . . and then suddenly you are too old—too old at thirty-three—earning two hundred a year—too old! and liable to be turned out with a week's notice if the Head doesn't like you—turned out with nothing to go to; and he knows that you are afraid of him, and

* "The Land we Love." By Will Ogilvie. 3s. 6d. (Dalbeattie: Fraser.)
† "The Border Breed." By Sir George Douglas. 3s. 6d. (The St. Catherine Press.)
‡ "The Borderland." By Roger Quin. 3s. 6d. (Galashiels: Walker.)
§ "Wilson's." By Desmond Coke. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
* "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

he has games with you. . . . You will be allowed no friends here, only enemies. . . . You must not be friends with the Head, because then we shall think that you are spying on us. You must not be friends with us, because then the Head will hear of it, and will immediately hate you because he will think that you are conspiring against him. You must not be friends with the boys, because then we shall all hate you and they will despise you. You will be quite alone."

There is the Thing that threatens the amiable young Traill, the Thing that has poor Mr. Perrin throttled in its grip. And Mr. Walpole shows us Perrin and Traill in an unwished-for propinquity, hating each other, doing things no really sane men would do, quarrelling bitterly and foolishly over an umbrella, quarrelling till one of them would be a murderer. It is a remarkable exposure; and there can be no doubt that you will be missing a very great deal if you miss "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill."

L. T. S.

BREVITIES.*

According to the old adage, every man by the time he is forty is either a fool or a philosopher. We do not know whether Mr. Holbrook Jackson has yet arrived at that age-limit, but, if we are to judge him by his "Platitudes in the Making," he has emerged from his probation wearing the right label. It is easier to be a philosopher than to condense your philosophy of life into a series of pithy epigrams, but this Mr. Jackson has essayed to do within the covers of this little book, and has done it with brilliant success. Now and then he is merely perverse and freakishly paradoxical, but in the main his two hundred concise hints and aphorisms are as true as they are clever.

Here are a specimen handful, taken almost haphazard:

Genius is initiative on fire.
Altruism is another name for Egoism.
Forgive everybody but yourself.
Don't try to convert the elderly person: circumvent him.
Be sure your kindness is not cowardice.
Suffer fools gladly: they may be right.
Those who are careless of happiness are happy.
He who spends well saves.
In degenerate ages the arts are pastimes.
Nobody is competent in all things. Obedience is the prerogative of the incompetent.
Charity corrupts both receiver and giver. The philanthropist is a symptom of disease.
Shoddy and adulteration are products of poverty. Luxury is a kind of shoddy.

The volume is divided into sixteen sections, beginning with "Preliminary Precepts for Those about to Live," and ending with a "Prelude to Art." The wit has a flavour of irony and the wisdom of whimsicality, but there is a man's experience at the back of it, and the thought of a man who is not afraid to think for himself. This is a book to buy, to read, and to keep.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.†

In February, 1909, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, a bust of Russell, from the chisel of Mr. Bertram Mackennal, was uncovered, with grave, simple, well-found words of praise, by Sir Evelyn Wood. An inscription beneath the fine bronze portrait records a life's distinctions with the brevity demanded of and proper to the epigraph:

"SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.
THE FIRST AND GREATEST OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.
CRIMEA, 1854. INDIA, 1857.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 1861.
FRANCE, 1870. SOUTH AFRICA, 1879.
BORN MARCH 28, 1821. DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1907."

Laconic as a British officer's dispatch from the battlefield, it is in truth a kind of dispatch consecrated to Russell for the reading of posterity. A notable and high career is comprehended in it, and as the epitaph of a journalist it is presumably unique. In that the mortuary legend has left off being chatty or familiar there is just this much to regret, that the visitor to the crypt at the end of the century will hardly recognise in this stern-faced chiel in campaigning cloak, writing in his note-book with gaze intent upon the business at the front, the "Billy" Russell of the seventies, 'eighties, and 'nineties who was loved by a world of friends, and to whom King Edward whispered at a ceremony: "Now, don't take the trouble to kneel, Billy." But the war correspondent was the man whom the sculptor rightly set himself to imagine; and him he has here fixed with the dynamic concentration of purpose that helped to lift Russell into fame. As for the Russell in whole, he is bound to have another pretty long life in the skilful, judicious, and fascinating pages of Mr. Atkins's biography.

Dr. W. H. Russell, at the time of the Austro-Prussian War.
From "The Life of William Howard Russell," by John Black Atkins. (John Murray.)

Although Russell went through many fields of war, and wrote home from each of them something that the competent critic of war (whether a soldier, or a cabinet minister, or an editor of a newspaper) could profitably read or digest, it is to the Crimea in 1854 that both his work and his celebrity will always be referred; and at this spot and period our interest in him centres. It was in the Crimea that Russell unexpectedly encountered his destiny. Rising to it with his cheerful Irish courage, he shook England through his letters to the *Times*, overthrew a ministry, saved the remnant of an army, revolutionised certain time-worn methods of the War Office, made the special correspondent a power to be feared, and lifted himself into a fame that has endured. It has been stated that Russell's was the chance with which not one journalist in a million is ever blessed. Well, when everything is said on this, it was of all forlorn chances the forlornest, and not one journalist in a million would have had pluck or endurance enough to find his profit in it. At the outset, Russell's situation in the Crimea was the most wretched, the most humiliating that a capable writer with a sense of his mission could be placed in. It was the position, in fact, of a camp-follower. He had neither standing nor countenance. To the military chiefs he was a mere meddling interloper; to the one or two staff officers inclined to friendliness he was an encumbrance who could not be "attached" to anything or anybody. He had not the right to pitch anywhere the tent that he smuggled from somewhere. And what was he to do when hostilities began?

"As the Army moved on," says Mr. Atkins, "it suddenly struck Russell as quite a new idea that he had to go with it wherever it went. How and where in the event of a battle was he to take up a position?"

* "Platitudes in the Making." By Holbrook Jackson. 2s. 6d. net. (D. J. Rider.)

† "The Life of William Howard Russell, C.V.O., LL.D., the First Special Correspondent." By John Black Atkins. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (John Murray.)

Russell himself said long afterwards:

"I never was in a more unpleasant position. Every one else on the field had some *raison d'être*. I had none. They were on recognised business. It could scarcely be a recognised or legitimate business for any man to ride in front of the Army in order that he might be able to write an account of a battle for a newspaper. I was a very fly in amber."

In this anomalous situation, isolated, cramped, and harassed, Russell remained until his letters from the seat of war, with their incisive and damnatory criticisms, began to be noised throughout the Army. Then for a while his footing in the Crimea was even more precarious than it had been. He became, as Sir Evelyn Wood says, "a dangerous and obnoxious pest to be crushed as soon as possible." In the long run, however, the Irishman's unassisted pen prevailed. If he was harsh as truth where blame had to be bestowed in the highest places, he was sympathetic as truth where pity was to be evoked for the neglected and worse than decimated British troops. England was profoundly stirred. Food and clothing and healing things were poured into the Crimea (the *Times* alone collected £30,000); and the young Ishmael of that bitter field was acknowledged for its saviour. There has been mismanagement at home since then; but one chord that Russell found in the nation's heart has not ceased to vibrate. He made the people understand, feel for, and esteen the "common" soldier.

In the Crimea, then, Russell's great work was accomplished; but he carried the same valiant pen to the Civil War in America, and compelled the English to realise "that the Federal cause"—which was that of the slave—"was the cause of justice and truth." His vigour and valour were nothing abated when (close on fifty years of age) he set out in 1870 to describe the struggle between France and Germany; but the conditions of war correspondence had been transformed, and the correspondent was now almost at the mercy of the clerk in charge of the wire. Moreover, Russell was no longer in practical possession of the field. There was a swarm of newspaper men, and the competition was terrific. In the race for first news Russell was not always in the van; the Franco-German war, it was soon perceived, was to be not his triumph but the brilliant and inexhaustible young Forbes's. None the less, when the letters, as distinguished from the "wires," got the benefit of print, Russell's experience, keenness of vision and of judgment, and trained power of expression served him almost as well as ever, and one may scarcely say that he lost a laurel in that campaign.

The memory of William Howard Russell is well secured to him. As the first of war correspondents his place is eminent in all chronicles of the Press. As the critic who saved the starved, diseased, and naked remnant of the British army in the Crimea, his mention is assured in the history both of war and of the Empire.

Mr. Atkins has written with discreet admiration a handsome and taking Life of this distinguished and most lovable of men. Making full use of the diary and notes of Russell he has given to the book a great deal of the idiosyncratic fascination of an autobiography, while keeping over it his own critical control. It is easily the biography of the moment, but it is more than this. In sundry ways it is a piece of history, and by its merits as well as by the importance of the subject it is a work that should thrive in the general regard. TIGHE HOPKINS.

ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP.*

The great flaw in most of our present-day essayists is that they are too self-conscious and too clever to be simply human. You do not feel towards them as you do to the man who sits and talks wisely and familiarly with you by your own fireside, but as you feel towards an actor in a theatre: he is showing off before you, he is out to exhibit his skill and win your applause.

The charm and power of Mr. David Grayson's "Adventures in Friendship" is that he has recovered that almost lost art of leading you to forget the essayist in the essay, or to have him only in your mind as an unaffected, quiet, natural person who talks to you naturally of the things he has enjoyed and suffered, the universal experiences that have mellowed and enriched his sense of humour and qualified his egoism till it is nothing more aggressive than a thoughtful, genial interest in himself and his affairs merely as they represent the personality and the affairs of average humanity. A humour whose laughter often has a hint of tears in it, a kindly tolerance, a profound sympathy with humanity, a charity that is "wider than the wideness of the sea"—these make the undertone in all he writes: these and a homely wisdom that comes out in such passing comments as "What a lot of kindness and common human nature—childlike simplicity, if you will—there is in people once you get them down together, and persuade them that the things they think serious are not serious at all"; or, "Joy of life seems to me to arise from a sense of being where one belongs, as I feel right here; of being foursquare with the life we have chosen. All the discontented people I know are trying sedulously to be something they are not, to do something they cannot do. . . . It is curious, is it not, with what skill we will adapt our sandy land to potatoes and grow our beans in clay, and with how little wisdom we farm the soil of our own natures."

There are stories woven into the essays—stories of the everyday things that come under the eye of a friendly, big-hearted country farmer who is interested in the well-being of his neighbours, and finds happiness in their happiness, and the essays are largely his reflections on such incidents and events. Once you get into his mood and his large, calm, open-air spirit has taken you under its influence, you will acquiesce in his sympathetic acceptance of the curious, industrious man who is "a drunkard," and you will not wonder that there is no hint of blame in his "story of Ann." Mr. Grayson knows the world and men and women: he can be sorry for them, and help them, and, never expecting them to be faultless, can always forgive them. It is a book that should appeal to every one, because it touches on life as we all know it, and touches on it in such fashion that you understand him when he says, "Lord be praised for that which is common," and are ready to say it with him. Nevertheless, this is no common book; but it makes one wish that it were.

* "Adventures in Friendship." By David Grayson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Novel Notes.

THE COIL OF CARNE. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Oxenham has constructed an admirable plot. It is laid in the early part of the nineteenth century. Sir Denzil Carran of Carne, the grandfather of the story, had "won the esteem, such as it was, of the Prince Regent by running through the heart the Duke of Astrolabe . . . and lost it for ever by the injudicious insertion of a slice of skinned orange inside the royal neckcloth in a moment of undue elevation, producing thereby so great a shock to the royal system and dignity as to bring it within an ace of an apoplexy and the end of its great and glorious career." The courtier's son also forfeited his position in this country, and, after killing a gambler by accident, had to exile himself in France, where he rose to high rank in the army. Before leaving, however, he forged the coil of Carne. His wife died in child-birth, and the child was presented to its grandfather along with another male infant, whose mother claimed to be also married to the exile. No one could identify the real heir, except the living mother and her mother; but as

the former at once disappeared, and the latter refused to speak, Sir Denzil was left with his two grandchildren, hoping that death or some other providence would solve the difficulty of the succession. We do not intend to give away the solution of the plot, and this self-denial rules out any further account of the story. Both lads, however, enter the army and fight in the Crimean War. This may be said, without prejudice. There is also a first-rate curate, Mr. Charles Eager, who would have rejoiced the heart of Charles Kingsley, and his sister supplies most of the love-interest in the book. Mr. Oxenham has been much better employed in delineating the growth and fortunes of these two clean, virile English lads than in some of his previous stories about heroines. The opening chapters, in particular, are full of crisp and thoroughly fresh writing. The relations of the two boys to their tyrannical grandfather, to the curate who tames them out of their savage ways, and to the girl who wins both of their hearts, are described with singular attractiveness. It is a daring thing to describe the charge of the Light Brigade over again, but Mr. Oxenham has come well through this ordeal, and the novel, from start to finish, may be pronounced a suggestive and stirring piece of romance.

THE PASSIONATE ELOPEMENT. By Compton Mackenzie. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Compton Mackenzie introduces us to a world of pretty Dresden china figures, who mince and bow and curtsey, pace through the minuet, make love in stilted phrases, and trouble "vastly" about their clothes. It is by no means a real world until far into the story we find real emotions turning the puppets into real men and women. They are the inhabitants of the mimic kingdom of Curtain Wells, which is ruled by its mimic king, Beau Ripple. Curtain Wells is perhaps meant to be Tunbridge Wells, but we have here in effect a somewhat shadowy reconstruction of Bath in the time of its greatest glory, when Beau Nash visited any rebellious subject with dignified and dire displeasure and kept a paternal eye on every one's business. Beau Ripple is more dainty and less acute in character than his more robust prototype; the latter would not have allowed anger to prevent him from acting upon a hint of evil brewing among his subjects; he would have stopped the unprincipled Vernon from carrying off the blue-eyed Phyllida, and the story would have had a different ending. Vernon is one who cheats at cards and who for the sake of a pearl necklace is plotting to cheat at love; Charles Lovely loses his heart to Phyllida, and would certainly have won her had not Vernon been in the way, but through many vacillations she becomes in the end passionately enamoured of the scamp, who in return gives her the best of love that he has in him to give. This analysis of the various phases through which the trio come at last to the tragic ending of their love-story is extremely clever, and Mr. Mackenzie is to be congratulated upon producing a story light and graceful in style, yet subtle in characterisation.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

DECLINED WITH THANKS. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable.)

We note with some amusement, but no particular surprise, that this book derives its title from the fact that "polite but discriminating editors have declined most of the tales in this collection." Truth to tell, of the eight stories, none are especially suitable for the ordinary magazine. Apart from the question of length, the subjects dealt with are not of the "popular" variety, while the manner of their treatment is perhaps somewhat lacking in movement and excitement. Nevertheless, those people—and we believe them to form a large section of the reading public—who demand insight and thoroughness of treatment rather than briskness and sensation will find in "Declined with Thanks" a book which will satisfy their wants. The stories all treat of different periods but are none of to-day, and a vein of mysticism runs through a great part of the book. Miss Silberrad's latest book makes most agreeable reading, and shows her great abilities in a favourable light.

MAC'S ADVENTURES. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Macartney Valentine O'Neill Barry is a precocious young gentleman aged four at the beginning of Miss Barlow's chronicle. His grandfather is Lord Ballyduff, and most of the adventures take place in Ireland, where Mac gets into mischief himself or unconsciously is the means of getting other and older people out of mischief. Miss Barlow has dedicated these eight stories "to the memory of Algernon Charles Swinburne." We believe the poet would have welcomed them almost as enthusiastically as he hailed Mr. Kenneth Grahame's two masterpieces. Unlike Mr. Grahame's children, Mac is an only child, however. Probably this accounts for the larger part played by grown-up people in Miss Barlow's pages. But Mac himself is an independent, unconventional hero, and, though at the beginning he suggests the need of Solomon's rod, he improves as the tales proceed. The book is a capital specimen of its class. In a story like "The Aunt of the Savages" Miss Barlow is at her best; "A Wedding Gown" verges on the melodramatic; but upon the whole this volume shows not only a real insight into child-life, but the literary dexterity which the authoress has already proved herself to possess.

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. 6s. (John Lane.)

The Irish characters in this story carry off all the honours. The Major, who is Fitzgerald's step-father, is a fine specimen of the domestic, military bully, but even he yields to Mrs. Hicks with her pseudo-theatrical airs and her two attractive, vulgar daughters rejoicing in the names of Ellen Terry and Vestris Siddons. The heroine is the daughter of an

old Methodist minister who lodges and dies in Mrs. Hicks's house. Fitzgerald falls in love with her for her quiet, beautiful character, and then—just as the reader believes in this pathetic paragon—she turns out to be a cousin of Becky Sharp. Her literary reputation is won by plagiarising. Her demure airs conceal the heart of a selfish flirt, and this comes out during the honeymoon in Paris. The change of character is too abrupt to be quite convincing, but Mr. Goring-Thomas otherwise deals kindly with his people and his readers. There is plenty of good-humoured artistic satire in the Parisian scenes, and whether he is depicting low life or semi-fashionable society Mr. Goring-Thomas contrives to be decidedly entertaining.

THE PLOUGH AND THE CROSS. By William Patrick O'Ryan. 2s. 6d. (Dublin: *Irish Nation* Office.)

Here is an intimate account of certain actual happenings in Ireland, where men and women of the orthodox faith are finding the old order of spiritual things sadly lacking for the accomplishment of their ideals in building up a nation. Mr. O'Ryan has chosen the novel as the form in which to convey his message, but it may be said at once that the artistic side of his book, excellent as it is in its own way, is of very secondary importance. It is the straightforward piece of contemporary history that awakens our interest and holds it to the end. "Irish History is for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget," says one of the most patriotic Irishmen of modern times. Another has more vigorously and in equally well-known words, contemned history, and said "Go out and make it," and Fergus O'Hagan, Mr. O'Ryan's hero, certainly sets out to make history in his own quiet, determined way. He wants to get right down to bedrock facts in the task of awakening his countrymen to what is best in themselves and their native land; but from the very outset he finds himself in opposition to the powers that be: the bishops and archbishops of his own Church. More than one book has been written around a similar position of affairs in Ireland, but none carries weight and conviction like this one; it is temperate in statement throughout, not a thing being set down that is not well known for fact; and there is, moreover, an utter absence of that bitter carping spirit so evident in certain recent works by other Irishmen which suggests at once they were written chiefly for Protestants of the old bigoted school. Mr. O'Ryan means his book principally for Irishmen, but the English reader will do well to study it. He will find his whole conception of modern Ireland and the Irish question very likely changed as he reads, and that old bogey, clerical tyranny, will assume a new aspect, and a less terrifying one. For "The Plough and the Cross" brings one thing out more clearly than any other, and that is the revolt of the younger clergy against the past system of clerical dominion and control. That for the moment the old order seems to have the upper hand need not cause any one to despair. In the end victory will go to the young and brave in Ireland as in every other country under the sun that believes in itself. Mr. O'Ryan introduces us to several well-known contemporary figures, such as George Moore and T. P. O'Connor, under the thinnest of disguises; and there is the necessary element of love-making amid beautiful scenery and under ideal enough conditions.

GREED. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

It would be hard indeed for any one to surpass Mrs. Leighton in the art of popular sensational fiction, and her latest work retains all the usual elements that go to make her books so widely read. There is nothing half-and-half about the people in "Greed"; the heroine is really a heroine, and the villain is a villain, a thoroughly out-and-out scoundrel who is baulked by nothing and nobody. There is one great advantage in having a villain of this sort in a book—everything can end comfortably, and we can all be righteously pleased when he dies and leaves sufficient evidence behind him to prove the innocence of the virtuous people he has wronged. There is no possibility of our cherishing a sneaking regard for him and preferring him to the hero as we do in some books, for Mrs. Leighton's hero is heroic. A glance at the titles of the chapters will prepare you for the feast of sensation, mystery, and tragedy in store. It is a book to take you out of yourself; there is hardly a page that does not contain some intensely exciting and dramatic incident, and we are kept breathless by Mrs. Leighton's skilful pen and vivid imagination from the beginning to the end.

THE FIDDLER. By Mrs. J. O. Arnold. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The keynote of this story is struck in a short quotation from Henley at the front of the book: "Fate's a fiddler, life's a dance." And strange are the tunes the fiddler plays for the characters in Mrs. J. O. Arnold's new book. The story is divided up into three movements, which are appropriately called Andante (Part I.), Allegro (Part II.), and Adagio (Part III). It deals with the consequences of an act of abnormal pride. Lady Weybourne strongly disapproves of her nephew's marriage, and finally succeeds in separating his little daughter from the mother, because she thinks the child will be far better brought up under her own supervision. She regards the girl as exclusively the property of her own family, the Delacourts, and hopes to crush out of her whilst she is young any characteristics she inherits from her mother. Luckily the girl is sufficiently like her mother to see the cruelty of pride. She is not by any means a perfect heroine, though, and makes the inexcusable error of marrying a man whom she doesn't love; but she is admirably drawn, as indeed are all the characters in the story. "The Fiddler" is an uncommonly clever first book, and we look forward with pleasant expectations to future books from the pen of its gifted author.

Mrs. J. O. Arnold.

SPLENDID ZIPPORAH. By Maud Stepney Rawson. 6s. (Methuen.)

"She gave herself one steady look in the little mirror and faced her own eyes, large, generous, dilated, pathetic, blue-grey in colour, of full shape, undeniably musical. Her mouth sensitive, full, controlled, moved a little, her lips parting to say to the lips in the mirror—'Want of courage and self-love are the enemies of great music—remember that—and they are the enemies of the world! Remember!'" This is Miss Zipporah Londesbury, a tall, handsome young musician. Her ambition is to conduct an orchestra, and the story tells how she achieved her purpose. Like all musical stories, it has a gay, Bohemian touch. The authoress describes the musical jealousies of a little provincial town, the fortunes of a touring company in this country and on the Continent, and finally Zipporah's engagement to a tall, handsome singer, who had previously deserted her for an aristocratic daughter of the Philistines. The little Russian Puschkov is one of the most vital figures in the book, but he is married off with incontinent haste in order to leave the way clear for Commadine. The authoress has made her story err on the side of length. There are several episodes, like that of Zipporah going

up in a Suffragist's balloon, which display her courage and absence of self-love, but which are not very relevant to the main threads of the tale. Still, the story is full of life and interest, and it is mercifully free from the technical jargon which disfigures the ordinary musical romance.

THE PROFITABLE IMBROGLIO. By Adrian Hayter. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Many a good story has been spoilt by poor characterisation; it would be an easy matter to mention dozens; but it is not often that a clever piece of character-drawing has been wasted on a feeble plot. Such, however, is Mr. Adrian Hayter's misfortune in "The Profitable Imbroglio." His central character, Anthony Playfair, is quite a charming creation, with his love of classic law and nonsensical conversation. The dialogue, indeed, whenever Anthony appears on the scene, is wholly delightful. Sir Joseph R. Parkin, the self-made man, who desires to gain an academic degree by buying up classical manuscripts, is another well-drawn character. Lettice, too, whom we may call the heroine, is delicately sketched. But all these characters are made to revolve round a plot which is so extravagant, and altogether so grotesquely improbable, that one is inclined to wonder why the author wasted so much genuine ability in so paltry a cause. There is a mysterious league which includes Sir Joseph Parkin, a waiter, a peer of the realm, a goods manager, and a society lady, among others; but what the league exists for, and why it is so secret, it would defy the most experienced novel-reader to discover. Anthony, however, redeems the book, and, if only to make his acquaintance, "The Profitable Imbroglio" should be read. It would almost seem as if the author had originally intended a book on the lines of Mr. Chesterton's "Man who was Thursday," but forgot to enshroud his story in that atmosphere of wise extravagance which is the charm of G. K. C.'s romantic writing.

PAM THE FIDDLER. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's readers will not be disappointed in his new romance. "Pam the Fiddler" has all the "clean fighting," the poetry of the feud, the quixotic pursuits of hopeless quests, which its author finds such attractive material. The story is placed in the land of the Nortons, a Catholic family who are biding their time till "the rising of the brooks" when Elizabeth's rule shall cease and Catholic Mary of Scotland shall be placed on her throne. The task of rescuing the beautiful Queen from Elizabeth's clutches is entrusted to the high-mettled Kit Norton, the youngest of the family. He brings the project to the eve of success, and it is from no lack of hard hitting on the part of himself and a trusty follower that Mary is not brought to safety. The whole story is charged with sixteenth-century superstition and hillside fancy. Pam the Fiddler is a grotesque old figure who hears vague prophecies in the moanings of his violin. His daughter, Patience o' Pams, is a beautiful girl, at times half-witted, who regains her balance in a passionate devotion to Kit Norton. The novel is written in a leisurely style, which at first appears slightly forbidding, but the author warms up to his work after the first chapters, and holds the interest of the reader to the end. The fight on the bridge in which, Horatius-like, Kit Norton defends the Queen from fourteen pursuers, with the help of an old shepherd and Graeme the hound, is a stirring and intensely vivid piece of active literature.

THE GAME OF LIFE. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

The game of life reads rather like a game of death when Miss Rowlands' pen describes it. This authoress well knows the recipe for a story which will grip the attention of lovers of sensational fiction. In this new novel she does not scorn such well-tried incidents as the decoying of a heroine, an attempt to poison the youthful heir, a foreign manservant who is a deeply dyed villain, or heroes who are strong of heart and arm. Incident follows incident in this readable story, and from the page where Maurice Bruton marries Gywnra Mordaunt, beside Lord Guisborough's death-bed, to the happy ending on page 320, we make no complaint of dulness. Miss Rowland believes in black hearts for villains and white ones for heroes and heroines; she has no use for greys in her schemes.

THE ROMANCE OF A WOMAN OF THIRTY. By Louise Mack. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The style of Miss Louise Mack is peculiar to herself. There is a temptation to use the word "openwork" in describing it, but that might imply a certain inefficiency which does not exist. Her new book is a charming feminine revelation, cleverly conceived and introspective in treatment. It is a study of a woman who, though thirty in years, still keeps her youth and still confesses to a passion for romance. She has her little band of admirers, though she is a shade doubtful as to how far she ought to encourage them. The book is made the vehicle for much discursive reflection and piquant talk. It is full of picturesque description which might be too irrelevant if the book were not frankly a subjective study of the working of a woman's mind. The story is of the very slightest. Though the scene changes from London to Italy, from Italy to Australia, incident never forms the main interest of the book. The choice between two devoted lovers has to be made, the "mothering instinct" prevails, and the charming widow gives her hand to the one who most needs her care and in whom she ultimately discovers the greatest kinship of feelings and ideas. The other characters are not over-distinct, with the exception of the delightful Joanna, but the novel, as a whole, is full of delicate work and will certainly not fail to be highly appreciated.

The Bookman's Table.

RECREATIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER. By Frederic W. Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a difference between the book-lover and the bibliophile. The latter has the passion of the collector; he craves for first editions and rare copies; but the former loves the book for the reading that is in it and is not so particular about its age or its binding so long as the edition is a good one. Mr. Frederic Macdonald rightly calls himself a book-lover, for he loves them in the best way. He opens this volume with four letters to a friend on books and reading, and writes discursively and charmingly round the hundred and odd volumes of Everyman's Library that his friend has bought. He loves Hazlitt, or he were no true book-lover, and he finishes his third letter with a hint of the real value of books: "In your collection you have, as Johnson said of Thrale's brewery, and as you may say with immensely better reason, 'the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Make haste, then, to be rich, for in haste after such riches there is no peril. And books can make you rich in knowledge of many kinds, in happy memories and pleasant fancies, in wide sympathies and large tolerance, in a deepened sense of the wonder and mystery of life, and in a clearer perception of the Divine wisdom and love by which human things are encompassed." There are two admirable essays on Dr. Johnson; one on Allingham's Diary, and one on Carlyle's relations with Allingham, as they are disclosed in the Diary. Among the other papers that one holds in pleasantest remembrance

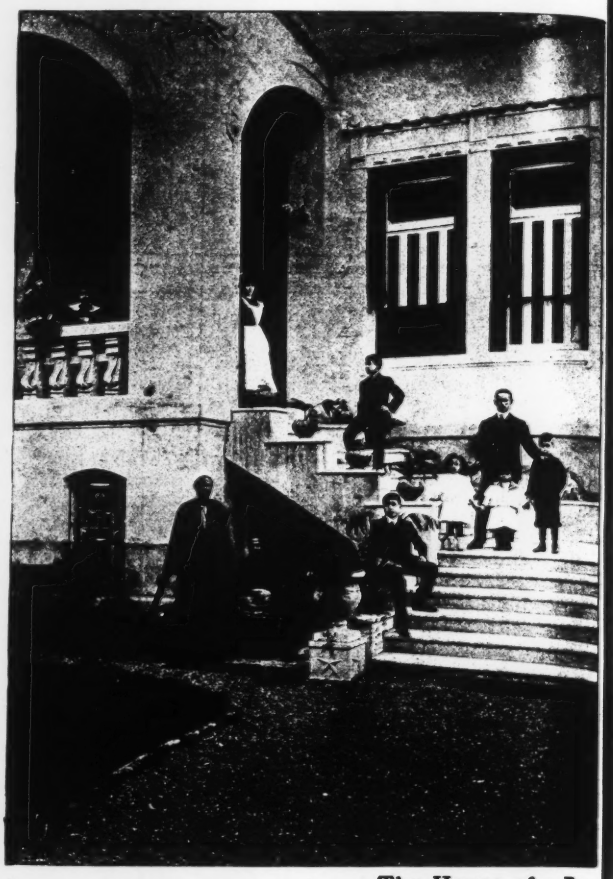
are those on "Secondhand Book Catalogues," "The Letters of Birkbeck Hill," and on "The Biography of Herbert Spencer." But there is not an essay in the book that we have not read with keen enjoyment. "In an Old Scottish Garden" and "Snowed up near Ambleside" are delightful little sketches, and of course you do not get far away from books in either of them. "Recreations of a Book-Lover" is an ideal book for a quiet hour, and it does not matter whether you read it by the fireside or on a garden-seat, for it has its own pleasant atmosphere and absorbs you into it.

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS. A Short History of Egypt from the Fall of Ismail to the Assassination of Boutros Pasha. By Duse Mohamed. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

The author has spacious notions, apparently, as he considers this history of some 360 pages a "short" one. He is a native Egyptian who gives abundant proof of his claim to the possession of a full knowledge of the aims of his fellow-countrymen. He has a stimulating racial pride and sympathy. At times an exalting sense of the deeper spirit and contemplative life of the Orient gives dignity to his interpretive pages. On the other hand he sometimes unhappily descends—when his theme is acutely controversial—to the method of excited politicians and hasty journalists. He forgets on such occasions that truth is calm; he is a little too suggestive of that Fleet Street which "has no God and very little style." We do not want an able and acute Egyptian to be "Westernised" in this way, even temporarily. He knows a good deal about England, and appreciates the finer British ideals of liberty and justice, but he does not consider that British administrators and civil servants invariably live up to them. He writes as an emphatic opponent of the continued British occupation of Egypt and as a sturdy critic of certain British administrative methods. Whatever one's view of these aspects of the case may be, it will be conceded that it is well to have the native side presented with such frankness and thoroughness. Of more permanent interest are the pictures of Egyptian conditions and circumstances, while the studies of historic and typical modern individualities are singularly clear and informing, sometimes vivid. Phases of the work will prove distinctly provocative, but much of it conveys a decisive knowledge of the deeper Egypt for which the author has so impassioned a sympathy and so high an ideal.

AN OLIVE-BRANCH IN IRELAND AND ITS HISTORY By William O'Brien, M.P. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. O'Brien's latest work is virtually an *apologia pro vita sua* for the last twenty years, during which he claims, not altogether unconvincingly, to have laboured for peace whilst others made themselves ready for battle. The most interesting part of the book, as it will be of greatest value to the historian, is the beginning, for the light which it throws on the events which followed Parnell's deposition and especially on the Boulogne negotiations, in which Mr. O'Brien took a prominent if unavailing part. Parnell had a peculiar affection for Mr. O'Brien, and his supporters awaited, with feverish anxiety, the latter's declaration of policy. Mr. O'Brien, after the failure of the negotiations, sided with the majority, went to gaol to serve a sentence of six months' imprisonment, and in a few months Parnell was dead and chaos reigned. The author suggests that there had been no direct negotiations between Mr. John Morley (as he then was) and the Irish members regarding Parnell's retirement. But at the time it was confidently and repeatedly asserted that Mr. Morley gave his opinion in the following question—"Would it not be better for you to have Parnell and a United Ireland without Home Rule, than to have Home Rule and a disunited Ireland without Parnell?" Mr. O'Brien is wrong in saying that



The House of a Bey.
(By kind permission of Mohamed Soliman Bey.)
From "In the Land of the Pharaohs," by Duse Mohamed. (Stanley Paul.)

only one Protestant Irish member supported Parnell. Besides Mr. Pierce O'Mahony, there were Mr. MacDonald, a former Anglican clergyman, and Mr. Henry Harrison, the latter just fresh from Oxford. The second part of the book deals with the genesis and development of the Conference inaugurated by Captain Shawe Taylor; the Devolution Scheme; the Secretaryship of Mr. George Wyndham with Sir Anthony (now Lord) MacDonnell as his coadjutor; the growth and aims of the All for Ireland League; and with frank criticism of Mr. O'Brien's political opponents. As might have been expected from so brilliant a journalist and so lively and engaging a personality, there is no part of the book dull, and if Mr. O'Brien carries a sharp sword as well as an olive-branch, it does not diminish the reader's interest. The absence of an index is a sad defect.

A CENTURY OF BALLADS: 1810–1910. By Harold Simpson. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

The "Ballads" of Mr. Simpson's treatise are those which flourish in drawing-rooms and more particularly on ballad-concert platforms. Mr. Simpson is himself a by no means undistinguished lyric author, and he has a hundred and one anecdotes to relate of the writers, composers, singers, and accompanists who each bear their part in giving utterance to the completed song. These may be hailed with avidity by the particular section of the public for whom the concert platform is a Mecca, and the personalities who move about it the priests of a sacred order—culture. No doubt there will be many who will not count half-a-guinea a dear price to pay for a little additional light on the mysteries, especially when it is known that the text is enriched with souvenir portraits. In his preface the author disclaims any critical

or instructive value for his work, and it has none. The century under review produced some few fine songs, but it also produced hundreds which returned with all speed to the dry dust of which they were formed. For the days when the ballad bore a close relation to the life of the nation one has to go back to the palmy Elizabethan days when "milkmaids sang ballads, carters whistled, and each trade and even the beggars had their special songs." Some of the most original of English musicians turned their brains to the making of ballads then, but times are changed, and, as Sir Edward Elgar has pointed out, our young composers of to-day have yet to learn that it is more blessed to write a simple tune well than a pretentious symphony indifferently. Mr. Simpson passes the old times in review in his first six chapters, and one cannot but feel (though he does not comment on it) the change for the worse which came over our popular music during the centuries which intervened, and from which it is even now recovering with difficulty.

Notes on New Books.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

The great, imaginative genius of **Piranesi** has been well and delightfully proved in Mr. Arthur Samuel's new monograph of this artist (12s 6d. net). Mr. Samuel, ardent lover and admirer of Piranesi's etchings, has collected from every possible source information and facts about the man and his work; and has added to this his own opinions and criticisms. His volume is a treasure, holding as it does, in addition to an intensely interesting account of the artist, a series of beautiful reproductions of rare etchings by him. Mr. Samuel contends that Piranesi was the inspirer of the Adam and Sheraton styles of building, furniture, and ornament, influencing Wedgwood, too, and Chippendale. The noble etchings reproduced (reduced) in these pages certainly help us to understand the tears of Gavin Hamilton, "art dealer," on parting with his treasures when a sale had been effected.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Some very wise words are said about Japan and the Japanese by Lady Lawson in **Highways and Homes of Japan** (12s. 6d. net). We are so well accustomed to read and hear of Japan as the land of beauty and of blossom, of pretty little ladies in kimonos, and of art at its best, that it is good for us to read the accounts of real travellers who observe as well as of the amiable artists who see. Lady Lawson, we hasten to say, gives us long and charming accounts of the pleasures of Japan, and the merits; but she also tells of things which are generally omitted from books by Japan-lovers: she tells of some of the disagreeables, of their smells, of their rats and fleas, of their "defective commercial integrity." The volume is extremely rich in good illustrations, and full of information and interest.

A good example of the cut-and-thrust style of novel will be found in Mr. Percy J. Hartley's **The Hand of Diane** (6s.). The hero is a young aristocrat soldier returning, in the first chapter, from the long-continued wars in Poland. When near his old home he is brought into contact with a masked lady, and from this point incident crowds thickly upon him. He finds his mother blind, and his castle just on the point of being wrested from him to please the whim of France's uncrowned Queen, Diane of Poictiers. King, Duchess, masked lady, villains, and faithful men come into the narrative and make a capital tale with a good semblance of history.

The waters and water-ways of London are of unfailing interest, and a knowledge of their past state and position is of great value to all who touch the history of the city. **Springs, Streams, and Spas of London,** by Mr. Alfred Stanley Foord (10s. 6d. net), is a volume which every Londoner should have on his bookshelf, for the story of London's wells and streams is also the story of her modes and customs.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & CO.

A sinister doctor is the principal figure in **The Kestrel** (6s), which is a well-planned and brightly written novel. Mr. Reginald E. Salwey, the author, is an experienced writer who has a decided gift for characterisation and a turn for clever and effective dialogue. There are some dramatic situations, and a little pleasant love-making, but we ourselves found most enjoyment in the descriptions at the begininng of the book of life in a quiet country parsonage.

In **The Reproof of Chance,** by E. W. Savi (6s.), we read the story of another child—the unspoiled, uneducated daughter of a timber-merchant in Bengal. Into her life comes Robert Chase, the son of her father's old friend. Early in the story Robert, not having seen the girl, refuses the offer of her hand, and undertakes the post of guardian instead. In the later pages he realises his mistake, and the child, grown to a beautiful woman, goes far to wreck her own life and his. The story ends happily, and will please a large public.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

We have had three anthologies of humorous verse through our hands lately, and neither of them has included any of the work of Henry S. Leigh. He did some excellent work in this kind, and it is strange to find our anthologists persistently neglecting him. Mr. R. M. Leonard sins in this respect, but he has given us in **A Book of Light Verse** (5s.) the fullest and best selection of this sort that has come to our knowledge. Mr. Leonard has laid all the English and American poets under contribution, from Chaucer to Swinburne. His book covers much of the ground covered by Locker-Lampson in his "Lyra Elegantarium," but is more exhaustive and takes in sixty poets that have no place in the latter, and wisely avails itself of Locker-Lampson's useful and interesting notes; it is beautifully printed on India paper and gives portraits of five poets by way of frontispiece. This and **The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore,** edited by A. D. Godley (5s.), and **The Poems of John Dryden,** edited, with a scholarly introduction and notes, by John Sargeaunt, are the newest additions to Mr. Frowde's admirable series of **The Oxford Poets.**

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

In **Eliza Getting On** (1s.) Mr. Barry Pain continues his irresistibly amusing record of incidents and events in the life of Eliza and that most joyous and exasperating ass among men, her husband. He begins with their removal into a new house, and ends with their difficulties over naming the baby. Only twice—in the story of "The Circle Club" and in that concerning the "Psychic Investigations"—is the humour somewhat overstrained; otherwise, it is all most excellent fooling, and has more good laughs to the page than any recent book we have read.

Italy, The Magic Land (7s. 6d. net), by Lilian Whiting, is a chronicle of recollections and impressions gathered up after many visits to Italian cities, a survey of modern art in Rome, and a vivid and picturesque description of journeys to and about the magic land. There is a very interesting chapter on the social life of Rome, and an exceptionally charming one on a pilgrimage to Assisi. It is a pleasantly informing and well-written volume, illustrated with a number of beautiful photographs.

"I described the bureau to the foreman."
From "Eliza Getting On," by Barry Pain. (Cassell.)

New Books of the Month.

FROM JANUARY 10 TO FEBRUARY 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANDERSON, REV. GEORGE, B.D.—The Scottish Pastor: a Manual of Pastoral Theology. 2s. 6d. net..(Blackwood)
BEGBIE, HAROLD.—In the Hand of the Potter: a Study of Christianity in Action. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
BOURNE, BORDEN PARKER.—The Essence of Religion. 5s. net .....(Constable)
BREWER, WILLIS.—Egypt and Israel. With 7 Illustrations. $2.00 net .. (Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, U.S.A.)
BROOKE, MRS. A. AMY, B.A.—The Eucharist: a Study. 6d. net .....(Nutt)
CARPENTER, J. ESTLIN, M.A., D.D., D. Litt.—The Development of Liberal Theology in England. 1d. (British & Foreign Unitarian Assoc.. Essex Street, W.C.)
DRUMMOND, R. B., B.A.—The Lesson of the Falling Leaf. 1d. (British & Foreign Unitarian Assoc., Essex Street, W.C.)
HOPPS, JOHN PAGE.—My Confession of Faith. 1d. (British & Foreign Unitarian Assoc., Essex Street, W.C.)
OSLER, WILLIAM.—Man's Redemption of Man: a Lay Sermon, McEwan Hall, Edinburgh, Sunday, July 2, 1910. 1s. net .....(Constable)
PELLS, S. F.—Lectures on the Texts of the Bible and our English Translations: with Appendix, containing Chapters on the Apocryphal Books, and Defects of the Common English Bible. 1s. net. ..(Simpkin, Marshall)
SEDLAK, FRANCIS.—A Holiday with a Hegelian. 3s. 6d. net .....(Fifield)
SELBIE, W. B., M.A.—The Servant of God, and Other Sermons. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
SMITTON, WILLIAM.—Eternal Punishment: Is it True? 1d. (British & Foreign Unitarian Assoc., Essex Street, W.C.)
SYMES, REGINALD A. C.—Out and Out: a Book for Lads. 6d. net.....(Wells Gardner)
TAYLOR, A. E.—Epicurus. 1s. net.....(Constable)
WEISS, PROF. DR. JOHANNES.—Christ: The Beginnings of Dogma. Translated by V. D. Davis, B.A. 2s. net (Philip Green, 5, Essex Street, W.C.)

NEW EDITIONS.

FRANKLAND, F. W., J.P., F.I.A., F.S.S. (Lond.).—Thoughts on Ultimate Problems: Being a Series of short Studies on Theological and Metaphysical Subjects. Fourth and Enlarged Edition. 1s. 6d. net .....(Nutt)
Unorthodox Churchman, An. The Religion of the Spirit: a Modern View of Christian Doctrine and Observance. 1s. 6d. net.....(Arrowsmith)

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, EVELYN.—The Essence of Life. 6s...(Long)
APPLIN, ARTHUR.—The Pearl Necklace. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s .....(Ward, Lock)
ARNOLD, MRS. J. O.—The Fiddler. 6s.....(Alston Rivers)
AUDOUX, MARGUERITE.—Marie-Claire. Translated by John N. Raphael. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett and an Afterword by the Translator. With Frontispiece. 6s .....(Chapman & Hall)
BARLOW, JANE.—Mac's Adventures. 6s.....(Hutchinson)
BLEACKLEY, HORACE.—A Gentleman of the Road. 6s. (Lane)
BOWEN, MARJORIE.—Defender of the Faith. 6s. (Methuen)
BRANDON, D.—The Davosers. 6s.....(Long)
Celtic Wonder-Tales. Retold by Ella Young. With 4 Illustrations in Colour and Decorations by Maud Gonne. 3s. 6d. net .....(Maunsel, Dublin)
CHAUCER, DANIEL.—The Simple Life Limited. 6s...(Lane)
CLARK, JANET M.—The Bourgeois Queen of Paris. 6s. (Greening)
CLEAR, CONSTANCE.—Paul Patterson, Minister. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. net.....(Stockwell)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Friends of Fate. 6s.....(Greening)
COKE, DESMOND.—Wilson's. 6s.....(Chapman & Hall)
DAUDET, ALPHONSE.—The Popinjay. With Frontispiece by H. M. Brock. 1s. net .....(Greening)
DE SÉLINCOURT, HUGH.—A Fair House. 6s.....(Lane)
DODGE, WALTER PHELPS.—The Crescent Moon: a Romance. 1s. 6d.....(Long)
DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—The Justice of the King. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
FLOWERDEW, HERBERT.—The Third Wife. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
GERARD, DOROTHEA (Madame Longard de Longgarde).—The Inevitable Marriage. 6s.....(Long)
GOLDRING, MAUDE.—The Downsman: a Story of Sussex. With Frontispiece. 6s.....(Murray)
GORING-THOMAS, A. R.—The Lass with the Delicate Air. 6s. .....(Lane)
GRANVILLE, CHARLES.—Some Neighbours: Stories, Sketches, and Studies. 6s.....(Daniel)
GREGORY, LADY.—The Kiltartan Wonder Book. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by Margaret Gregory. 3s. 6d. net (Maunsel, Dublin)
HAMEL, FRANK.—A Lady of the Garter. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
HOPKINS, WILLIAM JOHN.—The Meddlings of Eve. 3s. 6d. (Constable)
HORNUNG, E. W.—The Camera Fiend. With 6 Illustrations by H. W. Koekkoek. 6s. .....(Unwin)
HUEFFER, O. MADOX (Jane Wardle).—Where Truth Lies: a Study in the Improbable. 6s. .....(Stanley Paul)
IRONSIDE, JOHN.—The Red Symbol. 2s. net.....(Nash)
KENEALY, ARABELLA.—The Mating of Anthea. With Portrait of the Author. 6s. .....(Long)
LAWRENCE, D. H.—The White Peacock. 6s. ..(Heinemann)
LEIGHTON, MARIE CONNOR.—Greed. With Frontispiece. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Money-Spider: a Mystery of the Arctic. With Frontispiece in Colour by Cyrus Cuneo. 6s. .....(Cassell)
LITTLE, MAUDE.—A Woman on the Threshold. 6s. (Chatto & Windus)
LLUELLYN, RICHARD.—The Imperfect Branch. 6s. (Secker)
MACAULAY, R.—The Valley Captives. 6s. .....(Murray)
MacMAHON, ELLA.—The Straits of Poverty: a Study of Temperament. 6s. .....(Chapman & Hall)
MANTEGAZZA, PAOLO.—The Legends of Flowers: or 'Tis Love that Makes the World go Round. Translated by Mrs. J. Alexander Kennedy. With Frontispiece by Auguste Rodin, and Floral Design by Madame Madeline Lemaire. Third Series. 2s. 6d. net. .....(Foulis)
METHVEN, PAUL.—Billy. 6s. .....(Chatto & Windus)
MOBERLY, L. G.—Heart of Gold. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
MOUNTJOY, EVELYN.—Demetrius and Daisy. 6s. ..(Long)
NEUMAN, B. PAUL.—The Lone Heights. 6s. .....(Murray)
NORMAN, MRS. GEORGE.—Lady Fanny. 6s. ...(Methuen)
NORTH, LAURENCE.—Impatient Griselda: a Comedy in Resolved Discords. 6s. .....(Secker)
ONIONS, OLIVER.—Widdershins. 6s. .....(Secker)
OXENHAM, JOHN.—The Coil of Carne. 6s. .....(Methuen)
PAIN, BARRY.—Eliza Getting On. With Frontispiece by Fred Bennett. 1s. .....(Cassell)
PARTRIDGE, ANTHONY.—Passers-By. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
PATTERSON, J. E.—Tillers of the Soil. 6s. ....(Heinemann)
PEERESS, A.—The Shadow on the Purple: Recollections of an Ex-Attaché. 6s...(Lynwood, 12, Paternoster Row)
PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART.—A Deserted House, and Other Stories. With 4 Illustrations. 6s. ..(Constable)
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—Demeter's Daughter. 6s. (Methuen)
RAWSON, MAUD STEPNEY.—Splendid Zipporah. 6s. (Methuen)
RITA.—Half a Truth. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
ROBERTS, MORLEY.—Thorpe's Way: a Joyous Book. 6s. (Nash)
SABATINI, RAFAEL.—The Lion's Skin: a Romance. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
SCARAMANGA-RALLI, CONSTANTINE.—The Tyranny of Honour. 6s. .....(Chapman & Hall)
SHORE, W. TEIGNMOUTH.—Creatures of Clay. 6s. (Long)
SIDGWICK, MRS. ALFRED.—Odd Come Shorts. 6s. (Mills & Boon)
SILBERRAD, UNA L.—Declined with Thanks: Because Discriminating Editors have Declined most of the Tales in this Collection. 6s. .....(Constable)
STEWART, A. D.—Heather and Peat. 6s. .....(Melrose)
STOCK, E. ELLIOT.—The Ring of Ug, and Other Weird Tales. With 4 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. .....(Ouseley)
SYRETT, JERRARD.—A Household Saint. 6s. .....(Long)
Tales from the Old French. Translated by Isabel Butler. 5s. net (Constable)
VAN VORST, MARIE.—The Two Faces. 6s. ..(Mills & Boon)
VAUGHAN, THOMAS HUNTER.—The Gates of the Past. 6s. (Long)
WALKER, A. STODART.—Breakers of the Law. 6s. (Nash)
WALLER, MARY E.—Flamsted Quarries. 6s. ....(Melrose)
WALPOLE, HUGH.—Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill: a Tragi-Comedy. 6s. .....(Mills & Boon)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Beauty Doctor. 6s. (Greening)
WHITECHURCH, VICTOR L.—Off the Main Road: a Village Comedy. 6s. .....(Long)
WILD, IDA.—Zoe the Dancer. 6s. .....(Lane)
WILSON, RATHMELL.—When Woman Loves. 6s. (Greening)
WYLLARDE, DOLF.—The Riding Master. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
YORKE, CURTIS.—Patricia of Pall Mall. 6s. .....(Long)

NEW EDITIONS.

ABOUT, EDMOND.—Les Mariages de Paris. Introduction par Emile Faguet (de l'Académie française). With Frontispiece in Colour. 1 fr. 25 c. net and 1s. net (Nelson, Paris and London)
BAKER, JAMES.—John Westacott. 2s. net. (Chapman & Hall)
DOSTOIEFFSKY, FEDOR.—Crime and Punishment. Translated by Frederick Whishaw. With Introduction by Laurence Irving. 1s. net, etc. .....(Dent)
FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE.—Madame Bovary. Translated by Henry Beauchamp. 6d. .....(Greening)

WORKS BY ARNOLD BENNETT

HOW TO LIVE ON TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY

NEW EDITION, with Preface by the Author. Crown 8vo, half canvas gilt, **1s.** net.

"If you are at all interested in your soul and the life you live outside the money-making hours, take this book very seriously and begin to practise slowly."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"This volume is a pocket-book of profound common-sense, which might well serve even the most practical and matter-of-fact wayfarers in the modern scramble for material certainties."—*Literary World.*

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Crown 8vo, art vellum gilt, **1s. 6d.** net.

". . . Contains much excellent common-sense addressed to the many who are too idle or too careless to understand the art of living."—*Westminster Gazette.*

". . . Full of the profoundest wisdom. Such a wealth of level-headed commonsense and practical guiding principles has rarely been gathered between two covers."—*Bristol Daily Mercury.*

LITERARY TASTE: HOW TO FORM IT

With detailed instructions for Collecting a Complete Library of English Literature. Daintily bound with Celtic cover, **2s.** net.

"An admirable book, sane, clean, pleasantly unaffected. The 'idea' is to stimulate the desire to read and to direct the ambition when it has been aroused. It is certainly to be hoped that 'Literary Taste' will have a wide circulation. Its effect must be altogether good."—*Daily Express.*

CUPID AND COMMON-SENSE

A Play in Four Acts, with a Preface on the Crisis in the Theatre. Crown 8vo, gilt, **2s. 6d.** net.

"The play reads well, and reads as if it would prove still more effective and enjoyable when acted. The stage would be healthier if such pieces were more commonly to be seen there than they are."—*Scotsman.*

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

A Play in Four Acts. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **2s. 6d.** net.

"It is far the best—indeed, the only very good—modern English play with a subject drawn from the life of journalism. And, unlike some plays that act well, it is uncommonly good reading."—*Manchester Guardian.*

JUST PUBLISHED

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS LOVE

By FRANK HARRIS, Author of "The Man Shakespeare." A Play in Four Acts and an Epilogue, with an Introduction dealing with G. Bernard Shaw. **2s. 6d.** net.

"The 'Dark Lady' of the Sonnets is the heroine of this play, running all through its various scenes as Shakespeare's bad genius and exercising that peculiarly deadly influence on the poet's career which is suggested in the Sonnets. The story of Shakespeare's friendship with William Herbert and the rupture caused by the fact that Mary Fitton preferred the nobleman to the playwright is closely followed in Mr. Harris's drama. . . . The portrait of the dark lady is traced for us with no little skill, while the almost sacred figure of Shakespeare himself is treated with a reticence and reverence worthy of all praise."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"The play is interesting and deserves to be widely read; yet not more interesting than its own literary history, as set out in Mr. Harris's preface, in which he picks a very pretty quarrel with Mr. Bernard Shaw for having adopted his conclusions with less than adequate acknowledgment."—*Scotsman.*

LETTERS FROM FLEET STREET

Crown 8vo, **5s.** net.

A book written in absorbing letter form. We get the view-point of a man who has loved too late, a man with the soul of a poet, hitting at conventions with the insight of one who has lived in Fleet Street.

THE SOUL TRADERS

By ELIZABETH GOODNOW. A notable book dealing with the White Slave Traffic, **3s. 6d.** net.

The author shows with great vividness the life of the girl of the streets—its allurements, its brutalities, its tragedies—her sufferings, her devotion, her fate. The stories are true in substance, told by the girls themselves—showing that behind the powder and the paint, and the bold cheap ways of the harlot, is the soul of the woman.

Of all Booksellers, or from the Publisher

FRANK PALMER, Red Lion Court, LONDON *Catalogues free*

BELLOC

Mr. Belloc, after five years in the House of Commons, resigned his seat at the last election in protest against the unreality of Party Politics. In "THE PARTY SYSTEM" the **secret collusion between the two Front Benches** is demonstrated, and the ways in which they have captured the control of Parliament and effected the elimination of the Private Member are carefully analysed, and the book concludes with an examination of certain suggested remedies.

THE PARTY SYSTEM

By HILAIRE BELLOC and CECIL CHESTERTON

Cloth, Crown 8vo. **3/6** net

STEPHEN SWIFT, 10, John Street, Adelphi, LONDON.

The Gift of St. Anthony.

By CHARLES GRANVILLE.

New Edition 1/- net.

Two motives are cleverly woven together in this moving story—the disillusionment of a cultured Russian revolutionary who had thought of England as the very citadel of liberty—and the passionate love story of a charming daughter of Flanders.

New Edition, 1/- net, of all Booksellers and Bookstalls.

Excellent Reading.

Some Neighbours.

By CHARLES GRANVILLE.

A collection of delightful stories, studies and sketches, as superior to ordinary fiction as etchings to chromo-lithographs.

6/-, of all Booksellers, and at all Libraries.

The Human Complex.

By CHARLES GRANVILLE.

A collection of delightful essays, strongly reminiscent of Gissing at his best, and occasionally revealing a Jefferies-like sympathy with nature. **1/- net.**

C. W. DANIEL, 3, Amen Corner, London, E.C.

NATURE'S LADY

By EDMUND LEE. Cloth, **6s.**

"In this pleasing romance of the Lake District the author has given a story written in such a graceful manner that it commands the reader's attention to the end. As a work of fiction it is effective, true to life, clean and healthy, pleasing alike by simplicity of construction, forceful characterisation, and charm of descriptive matter."—*Irish Independent.*

LONDON: DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18, BOUVERIE ST., FLEET ST., E.C.

NEW CATALOGUE No. 375. February

NOW READY

PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS

Books in Great Variety at much Reduced Prices

WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON

Also a Useful Catalogue of Current Popular Literature

Authors and Playwrights

Special facilities for placing work of every description. Particulars from Manager, Literary Department,

WIENER AGENCY, Ltd.,

64, STRAND, LONDON,

AND TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

GRANVILLE, CHARLES.—The Gift of St. Anthony. 1s. net .....(C. W. Daniel)
MUDDOCK, J. E.—The Dead Man's Secret; or, The Valley of Gold. With Frontispiece by W. Dewar. 1s. net (Greening)
PRICHARD, K. and HESKETH.—Don Q.'s Love Story. With Frontispiece by Cyrus Cuneo. 1s. net ....(Greening)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, Bart.—Kenilworth. With 47 Illustrations. 2s., etc. .....(Frowde)
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.—The Works. In 26 Volumes, Vols. V. and VI. With Biographical Introductions by Lady Ritchie. 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder)
TOURGUÉNEFF, J.—Fumée. Introduction par Charles Sarolea. With Frontispiece in Colour. 1 fr. 25 c. net and 1s. net .....(Nelson, Paris and London)
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode. With 6 Illustrations by Fred Pegram. 2s. net (Cassell)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

As You Like It, The Play of: Arranged for Class Reading. With Introduction and Notes by Alfred Perceval Graves. 9d. net .....(Dent)
BAKER, ELIZABETH.—Chains: a Play in Four Acts. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net .....(Sidgwick & Jackson)
BARING, MAURICE.—Diminutive Dramas. 4s. 6d. net (Constable)
BOUGHTON, RUTLAND, and REGINALD R. BUCKLEY.—Music-Drama of the Future: Uther and Igraine; Choral Drama. With Essays by the Collaborators. With Frontispiece. 2s net .....(Wm. Reeves)
Bustān of Sadi, The. Translated from the Persian, with an Introduction, by A. Hart Edwards. 2s. net ..(Murray)
DUNCAN, EDMONDSTOUNE.—The Story of the Carol. With 10 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net .....(Walter Scott)
EDGAR, MURIEL.—Boudoir Poems. With Portrait. 1s. net .....(Gay & Hancock)
G., P. (P. Guedalla, Balliol College).—Ignes Fatui: a Book of Parodies. 1s. net .....(Blackwell)
GIB, REV. CHAS.—Vocal Science and Art: Being Hints on the Production of Musical Tone. With Introduction, Notes and Diagrams by J. F. Halls Dalby, M.A., M.D., B.C., M.R.C.P. With 15 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Wm. Reeves)
IRVEN.—Open Spaces. 3s. 6d. net .....(Long)
JOHNSTONE, J. ALFRED.—Modern Tendencies and Old Standards in Musical Art. 6s. .....(Wm. Reeves)
M., E. H. W.—The Door. 1s. net .....(Blackwell)
MacDONAGH, THOMAS.—Songs of Myself. 1s. net (Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin)
Merchant of Venice, The: Arranged for Reading aloud. With Introduction and Notes by Alfred Perceval Graves. 9d. net .....(Dent)
POE, J. W., M.A.—Passing Poems. 1s. .....(Drane)
SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR.—Anatol: a Sequence of Dialogues. Paraphased for the English Stage by Granville Barker. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net .....(Sidgwick & Jackson)
Shakespeare's Twelfth Night: Adapted for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools. By Elsie Fogerty. With Stage Plans, 6d. net. With Costume Plates by Isabel Bonns. 2s. 6d. net .....(Sonnenschein)
SIDEBOTTOM, FANNY ELIZABETH.—Across the Years. (Madgwick, Houlston & Co., 4, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.)
SLADE, B. E.—The New Year's Retinue: an Action Piece for Children. ½d. (Church of England Temperance Soc.)
STAFFORD, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Litt.D.—Vermont (Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont, U.S.A.)
TAYLOR, PROFESSOR FRANCIS.—How to Write Music in Shorthand. 6d. net.....(Wm. Reeves)
WALTERS, SOPHIA LYDIA.—Their Wayward Round: a Poem. 2s. 6d. net .....(Greening)

NEW EDITIONS.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.—The Vision of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Translated by Henry Francis Cary. With Frontispiece after Giotto and 109 Illustrations by John Flaxman. 2s., etc. (also India Paper Editions). (Frowde)
HALL, JOHN R. CLARK, M.A., Ph.D.—Beowulf; and the Finnsburg Fragment: a Translation into Modern English Prose. With Map and 24 Illustrations. Second and Revised Edition. 7s. 6d. net .....(Sonnenschein)
MORRIS, WILLIAM.—The Life and Death of Jason. With Introduction by John Drinkwater. 1s. net (Routledge)

CRITICISM AND BELLES-LETTRES.

ARNOLD, MATTHEW.—The Study of Celtic Literature. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendix by Alfred Nutt. Authorised Edition. 3s. 6d. net .....(Nutt)
GRAYSON, DAVID.—Adventures in Friendship. With 3 Illustrations in Colour, 7 in Black and White, End-papers, and Numerous Drawings in the Text by Thomas Fogarty. 6s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
SALTER, W. H., M.A.—Essays on Two Moderns: Euripides, Samuel Butler. 3s. 6d. net .....(Sidgwick & Jackson)

NEW EDITION.

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS.—Religio Medici, and Other Essays. With Frontispiece. 6s. net.....(Chapman & Hall)

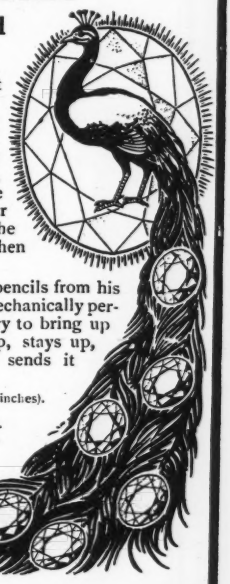
HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

ABRAHAM, GEORGE D.—Swiss Mountain Climbs. With 24 Illustrations and 22 Outline Drawings of the Principal Peaks and their Routes. 7s. 6d. .....(Mills & Boon)
ARTIN, YACOUB PASHA.—England in the Sudan. Translated from the French of the Author by George Robb. With Map and 123 Illustrations. 10s. net (Macmillan)
ATKINS, JOHN BLACK.—The Life of Sir William Howard Russell, C.V.O., LL.D.: the First Special War Correspondent. With 20 Illustrations. In 2 Vols. 30s. net .....(Murray)
BARING-GOULD, S., M.A.—Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings of Europe. With 52 Illustrations and Diagrams. 12s. 6d. net .....(Seeley)
BRACQ, JEAN CHARLEMAGNE, Litt.D.—France under the Republic. 7s. 6d. net .....(Laurie)
BRANDES, GEORGE.—Ferdinand Lassalle. 6s. net (Heinemann)
Cæsar's Gallic War. Translated by the Rev. F. P. Long, M.A. With 4 Maps. 3s. 6d. net .....(Clarendon Press)
CATLING, THOS.—My Life's Pilgrimage. With Introduction by the Right Hon. Lord Burnham. With 24 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net .....(Murray)
Corsican, The: a Diary of Napoleon's Life in his own Words. 7s. 6d. net .....(Grant Richards)
COX, REV. J. CHARLES, LL.D., F.S.A.—Isle of Wight: Its Churches and Religious Houses. With 9 Plates and 12 Illustrations in the Text. 2s. 6d. net .....(Allen)
COX, REV. J. CHARLES, LL.D., F.S.A.—The Sanctuaries and Sanctuary Seekers of Mediæval England. With Coloured Frontispiece and 32 other Illustrations. 15s. net .....(Allen)
ETHERTON, LIEUT. P. T., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.—Across the Roof of the World: a Record of Sport and Travel through Kashmir, Gilgit, Hunza, the Pamirs, Chinese Turkistan, Mongolia, and Siberia. With 131 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net .....(Constable)
FRASER, MRS. HUGH.—A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. In 2 Vols. With 18 Illustrations. 24s. net (Hutchinson)
FRASER, SIR ANDREW H. L., K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D., Litt.D.—Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots: a Civil Servant's Recollections and Impressions of Thirty-Seven Years of Work and Sport in the Central Provinces and Bengal. With 33 Illustrations and a Map. 18s. net ....(Seeley)
FYFE, H. HAMILTON.—The New Spirit in Egypt. 5s. net (Blackwood)
GOMES, EDWIN H., M.A.—Seventeen Years Among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo. With Introduction by the Rev. John Perham. With 40 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net .....(Seeley)
GRUBB, W. BARBROOKE.—An Unknown People in an Unknown Land: an Account of the Life and Customs of the Lengua Indians of the Paraguayan Chaco, with Adventures and Experiences met with during twenty years' Pioneering and Exploration amongst them. Edited by H. T. Moosey Jones, M.A. With 60 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net .....(Seeley)
HALÉVY, DANIEL.—The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by J. M. Hone. With an Introduction by T. M. Kettle, M.P. With Frontispiece. 8s. 6d. net (Unwin)
Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn, The. Edited, with Introduction, by Elizabeth Bisland. With 9 Illustrations. 12s. net .....(Constable)
JONES, H. STUART, M.A.—Classical Rome. 3s. 6d. net (Richards)
Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With Annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Vols. III. and IV., 1833–5 and 1836–8. With 9 Illustrations. 6s. net each vol. ....(Constable)
KITCHIN, G. W., D.D., F.S.A.—Seven Sages of Durham. With 7 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net .....(Unwin)
KURELLA, HANS, M.D.—Cesare Lombroso: a Modern Man of Science. Translated from the German by M. Eden Paul, M.D. 4s. 6d. net .....(Rebman)
LLOYD, JOHN EDWARD, M.A. A History of Wales from the Earliest Times to the Edwardian Conquest. With Map. In 2 Vols. 21s. net. .....(Longmans)
Martha Lady Giffard: Her Life and Correspondence (1664–1722): a Sequel to the Letters of Dorothy Osborne. Edited by Julia G. Longe. With Preface by His Honour Judge Parry. With Frontispiece in Colour and 23 other Illustrations. 15s. net .....(Allen)
MEAKIN, ANNETTE M. B.—What America is Doing: Letters from the New World. With Frontispiece. 10s. 6d. net (Blackwood)
Memoirs of the Countess Golovine: a Lady at the Court of Catherine II. Translated from the French by G. M. Fox-Davies. With Frontispiece. 10s. 6d. net ..(Nutt)
MOHAMED, DUSE.—In the Land of the Pharaohs: a Short History of Egypt from the Fall of Ismail to the Assassination of Boutros Pasha. With 16 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net .....(Stanley Paul)

L.&C.Hardtmuth's

"KOH-I-NOOR"
POCKET PROPELLING PENCILS

Beauty and Utility



These are the handiest pocket pencils imaginable—fitting cases for the unrivalled "Koh-i-noor" lead they contain. They are ideal for taking notes, as they fit snugly in the waistcoat pocket, never require sharpening, and the lead does not slip back when writing.

On taking one of these pencils from his pocket, the user almost mechanically performs the action necessary to bring up the lead, which, once up, stays up, until the reverse action sends it down again.

Made in two sizes (4 inches and 5 inches).
Prices from **9d.** upwards.
Obtainable from Stationers, &c.
L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd.,
Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway,
London.
(*Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Milan, Zurich, Brussels, New York.*)

The Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase

has all the advantages of a fixed style bookcase with none of its disadvantages. Being built up of "Units," it matters not how many "Units" you buy, the bookcase will always look and *be* complete. Every "Unit" is provided with a glass door which makes it dust-proof, and which, in use, slides back out of the way and out of sight. Moreover, the "Units" can be arranged to suit the shape of the room, and they can at any time be taken apart for moving purposes. If you are not familiar with this ideal system, an interesting Catalogue will be forwarded on application. The "Desk Unit" in the centre is an addition which is very popular with literary men.

Packing Free.—Orders for **£2 Carriage paid** to any Goods Station in the **British Isles.** Send for Catalogue No. 18 B, free from

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
OFFICE AND LIBRARY FURNISHERS,
44, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 82, Victoria Street, S.W.
98, Bishopsgate, E.C.

Austin Freeman's Great Detective Romance

The Red Thumb Mark

"Do you swear that the mark upon that paper was made by the prisoner?" "I do swear," answered the expert.

BUT WAS IT?

It is published in Hodder & Stoughton's Library of 2/- net Novels.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, Publishers, LONDON, E.C.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The first year the public bought 200 Waterman's Ideals. Last year, over 1,000,000. Inference obvious.

PRICES: 10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/- and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, &c. Booklet free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, LTD., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London. (New York: 173, Broadway. Paris: 6, Rue de Hanovre. Vienna: 1, Franzensring, 20. Milan: Via Bossi, 4. Dresden: Prager-strasse, 6. Brussels: 14, Rue Pont Neuf. Zurich: Löwenstrasse 23.)

Ask to see Waterman's Ideal Safety Pens and Pump-filling Pens, 12/6 and upwards.

MORRIS, JOHN E., D. Litt., F.R. Hist. S., and HUMFREY JORDAN, B.A.—An Introduction to the Study of Local History and Antiquities. With 64 Illustrations. 4s. 6d. net .....(Routledge)
Mrs. E. M. Ward's Reminiscences. Edited by Elliott O'Donnell. With 6 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net .....(Pitman)
ORBAAN, J. A. F., D.Ph.—Sixtine Rome. With 33 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net .....(Constable)
POULTON, EDWARD BAGNALL, D.Sc., M.A., Hon. LL.D., F.R.S., V.-P.L.S., F.Z.S., F.G.S., F.E.S.—John Viriamu Jones, and other Oxford Memories. With 5 Illustrations. 8s. 6d. net .....(Longmans)
RALPH, EDITH.—Empire Builders in Australia: Early Days in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. With a Map. 5s. net .....(Unwin)
RITA (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys).—America—Through English Eyes. With Portrait. 6s. .....(Stanley Paul)
SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—Oriental Cairo: the City of the "Arabian Nights." With 63 Illustrations and a Map. 21s. net .....(Hurst & Blackett)
SMILES, SAMUEL, LL.D.—A Publisher and his Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of John Murray, with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House, 1768–1843. Condensed and Edited by Thomas Mackay. With 2 Portraits. 2s. 6d. net .....(Murray)
STALEY, EDGCUMBE.—Heroines of Genoa and the Rivieras. With 24 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net .....(Laurie)
STOCK, E. ELLIOT.—Scrambles in Storm and Sunshine Among the Swiss and English Alps. With 4 Illustrations by R. C. Armour and 28 Photographs taken by the Author. 6s. net .....(Ouseley)
STOKER, BRAM.—Famous Impostors. With 10 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net .....(Sidgwick & Jackson)
TAYLOR, G. R. STIRLING.—Mary Wollstonecraft: a Study in Economics and Romance. With 3 Portraits. 7s. 6d. net .....(Secker)
TERRY, CHARLES SANFORD, M.A.—A Short History of Europe from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the Fall of the Eastern Empire. 3s. 6d. net ..(Routledge)
THAYER, JOHN ADAMS.—Getting On: the Confessions of a Publisher. 6s. .....(Laurie)
WARD, G. H. B.—The Truth About Spain. With 12 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.....(Cassell)
WHITING, LILIAN.—Italy, the Magic Land. With 32 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net .....(Cassell)

NEW EDITIONS.

HAGGARD, LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW C. P., D.S.O.—Sidelights on the Court of France. With Frontispiece. 1s. net .....(Stanley Paul)
TILBY, A. WYATT.—The American Colonies, 1583–1763. Revised Edition. 4s. 6d. net .....(Constable)

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ABOUT, EDMOND.—L'Homme à l'oreille cassée. Adapted and Edited by Eugène Pellissier. 2s. ....(Macmillan)
ALLNUTT, SIDNEY.—Corot. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net .....(Jack)
Bacon: Essays XXXI.—XLV.—Edited by A. J. F. Collins, M.A., and S. E. Goggin, M.A. 1s. 6d. .....(Clive)
BAILEY, G. H., D.Sc., Ph.D., and H. W. BANSOR, M.A.—Chemistry for Matriculation. With Diagrams. 5s. 6d. (Clive)
Chaucer: The Pardoner's Tale. Edited by C. M. Drennan, M.A., and A. J. Wyatt, M.A. 2s. 6d. .....(Clive)
DANIEL, FLORENCE.—The Cure of Chronic Catarrh. 1d. (C. W. Daniel)
HILL, J. ARTHUR.—New Evidences in Psychical Research: a Record of Investigations, with Selected Examples of Recent S.P.R. Results. With Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S. 3s. 6d. net .....(Rider)
KNAGGS, H. VALENTINE.—A Common Stomach Trouble. 1d. .....(C. W. Daniel)
KONODY, PAUL G.—Delacroix. With 8 Coloured Illustrations. 1s. 6d. net .....(Jack)
MACFALL, HALDANE.—A History of Painting. With Preface by Frank Brangwyn. In 8 Vols., with 200 Plates in Colour. Vol. I. The Renaissance in Central Italy. With 27 Plates in Colour, a Map, and 4 Charts. 7s. 6d. net .....(Jack)
NODIER, CHARLES.—Trésor des Fèves, et Fleur des Pois. Adapted and Edited by Alice M. Ritson. 1s. (Macmillan)
PHYTHIAN, J. E.—Turner. With 24 Illustrations. 2s. net and 3s. net .....(Richards)
Poems of Thomas Gray, The. Edited by A. J. F. Collins, M.A. 2s. 6d.....(Clive)
RICCI, CORRADO.—Art in Northern Italy. With 4 Coloured Plates and 590 Figures. 6s. net.....(Heinemann)
SANDLANDS, J. P., M.A., T.C.D.—Consumption: an Appeal to Common Sense. 1s. net .....(C. W. Daniel)
SAVOY, D. LL., M.A.—Drei Wochen in Deutschland; ein Deutsches Lesebuch: mit Deutschen Fussnoten, fragen für sprechübungen und grammatischen Ubungen. With 29 Illustrations and a Map. 2s. 6d. (Clarendon Press)
SAXON, EDGAR J.—The Ideal Diet. 1d. ...(C. W. Daniel)
WHELDON, RUPERT H.—No Animal Food: Two Essays and 100 Recipes. 1s. net .....(C. W. Daniel)

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABBOTT, LYMAN.—The Spirit of Democracy. 4s. 6d. net (Constable)
Adventure, An. 3s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
BELLOC, HILAIRE, and CECIL CHESTERTON.—The Party System. 3s. 6d. net (Stephen Swift, 10, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.)
CURRIE, REV. L. B., M.A.—Mothers, Awake! A Warning: Six Lessons Forming a Course of Temperance Instruction to Mothers. With a Preface by Mrs. Wilberforce. 4d. (Church of England Temperance Society)
CURTIS, CHARLES H., F.R.H.S.—Phlox. Illustrated. 1d. (Agricultural & Horticultural Association)
CYNICUS.—Who Shall Rule: Briton or Norman? Illustrated. 6d. net (Cynicus Publishing Co., Tayport, Fife)
FIELD, CLAUD, M.A.—A Dictionary of Oriental Quotations (Arabic and Persian). 7s. 6d. .....(Sonnenschein)
Forty-Third Annual Report of the Association's Operations, with Report of Annual General Meeting of Members, 1910.....(Agricultural & Horticultural Association)
FOX, ARCHIBALD.—Harrow. With 32 Illustrations. 2s. net (Pitman)
Garland of Childhood, The: a Little Book for all Lovers of Children. Compiled by Percy Withers. With Coloured End-Papers. 4s. net and 5s. net.....(Richards)
GOULD, F. J.—The Divine Archer: Founded on the Indian Epic of the Ramayana with Two Stories from the Mahabharata. With Frontispiece and Map. 1s. 6d. net (Dent)
GOULD, REV. S. BARING.—A Coronation Souvenir. With 7 Portraits and Illustrations. 6d. net.....(Skeffington)
Gulliver's Travels: Told in Words of One Syllable. With 4 Illustrations in Colour and 4 in Black-and-White. 6d. (Cassell)
Handy Newspaper List, 1911. (21st Year of Publication.) 6d. (C. & E. Layton, 56, Farringdon Street, E.C.)
HARDY, H. H.—Rugby. With 32 Illustrations. 2s. net (Pitman)
HULME, F. EDWARD, F.L.S., F.S.A.—Familiar Wild Flowers. Ninth Series. With 40 Coloured Plates. 3s. 6d. (Cassell)
MACDONALD, W. ALLEN, and HELEN MEREDITH MACDONALD.—The New Order: Social Revolution by Free Groups. 3d. net (Questall Press, 3 Pleydell St., E.C.)
MILLER, WILLIAM, D.D., LL.D., C.I.E.—Unrest and Education in India. 1s. net .....(Blackwood)
One and All Gardening, 1911. Edited by Edward Owen Greening. With numerous Illustrations. 2d. (Agricultural & Horticultural Assoc.)
Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1910. With Frontispiece and 6 Plans. (Govt. Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A.)
ROBERTS, HARRY.—The Beginner's Book of Gardening. With 16 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net.....(Lane)
STRATTON-PORTER, GENE.—Music of the Wild. With 120 Illustrations. 12s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
Transactions of the International Swedenborg Congress, Held in Connection with the Celebration of the Swedenborg Society's Centenary, London, July 4 to 8, 1910. Illustrated..(Swedenborg Society, 1 Bloomsbury St., W. C.)
TURNER, CHRISTOPHER.—Land Problems and National Welfare. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Viscount Milner, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., etc. 7s. 6d. net (Lane)
YEXLEY, LIONEL.—Charity and the Navy. 3d. net (*The Fleet* Ltd., 411a, Harrow Road, W.)

NEW EDITIONS.

Dictionary of French and English, English and French. Compiled by John Bellows. Revised and Enlarged by his Son, William Bellows, with the Assistance of Auguste Marrot and Gustave Friteau. 5s. net.....(Longmans)
Dod's Parliamentary Companion for 1911. (79th Year, 87th Issue.) 3s. 6d. net .....(Whittaker)
Encyclopædia of Sports and Games, The. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. Vol. II. Crocodile Shooting—Hound Breeding. With 7 Coloured Plates and about 500 Illustrations in Black-and-White. New and Enlarged Edition. 10s. 6d. net .....(Heinemann)
Encyclopædia of Sports and Games, The. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White. Part XV. (Vol. III.). 1s. net (Heinemann)
MILES, MRS. EUSTACE.—The Cry of the Animals and Birds to their Human Friends in Their Own Words. With Introduction by Ernest Bell, Foreword by John Strange Winter, and 23 Illustrations by Miss Margaret Dovaston. New and Enlarged Edition. 3s. 6d. .....(Drane)
Where to Live Round London (Northern Side). With a Chapter upon the Geology and Subsoils by O. A. Shrubsole, F.G.S. Edited by Prescott Row and Arthur Henry Anderson. With 12 Illustrations and 9 Plans. Third and Revised Edition. 1s. net (Homeland Association and Warne)